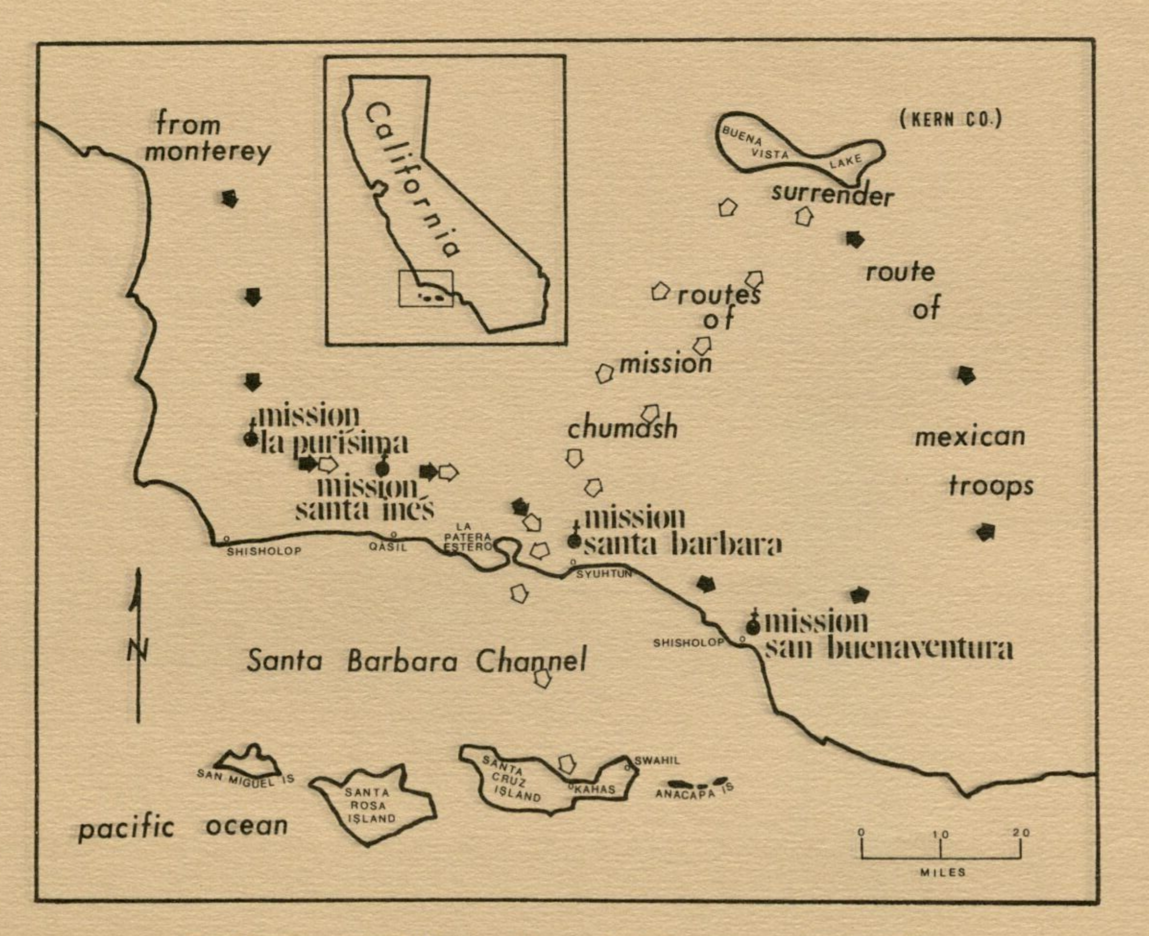
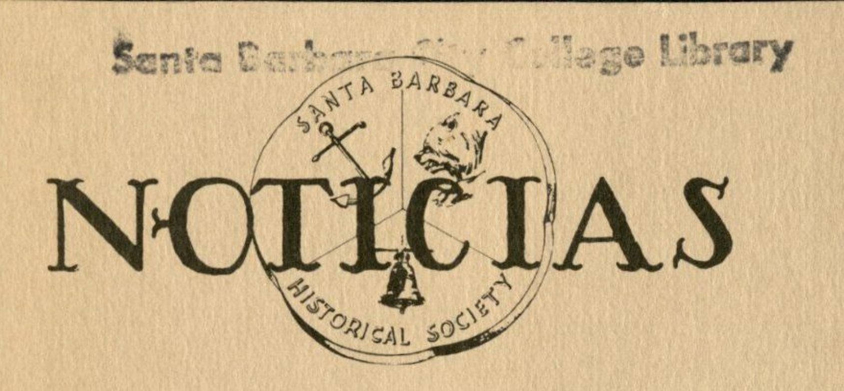
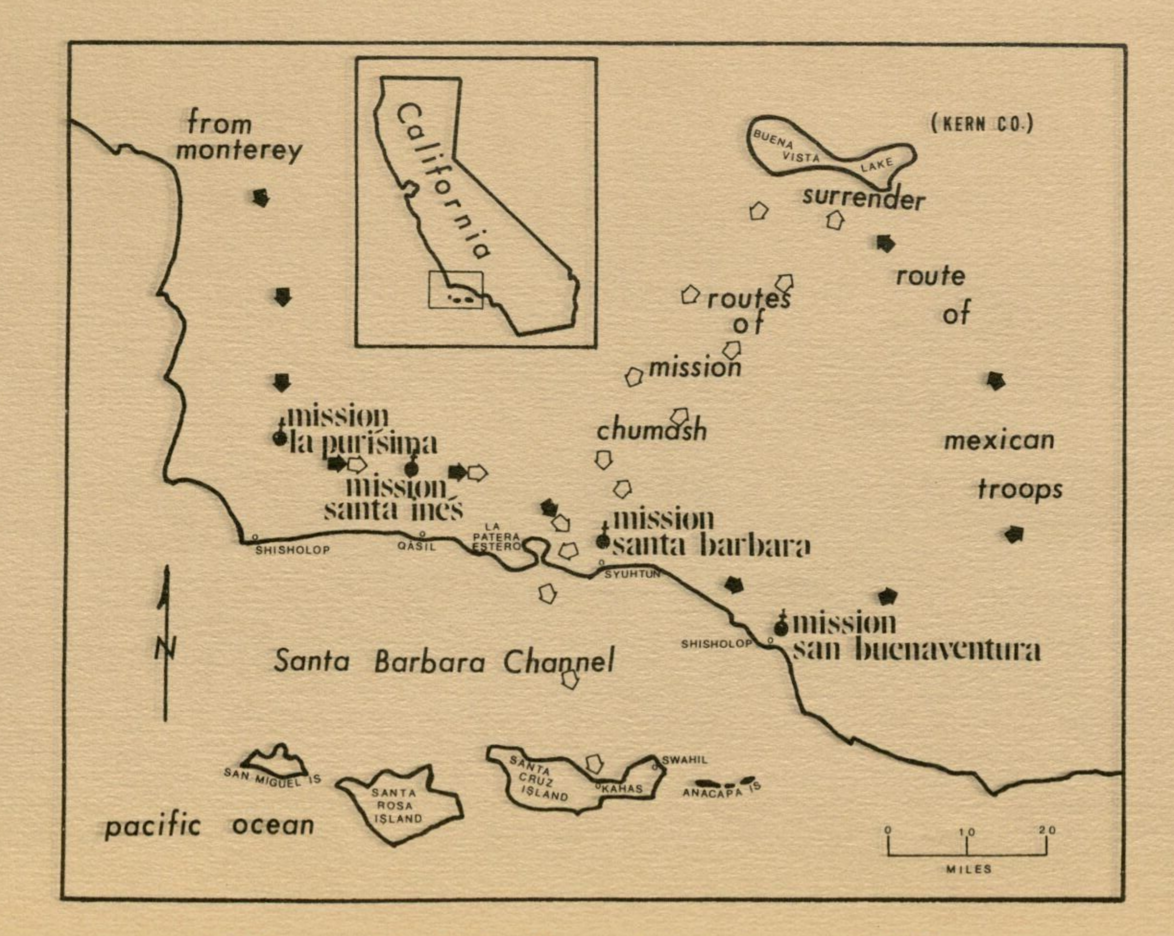


Flight route of the Mission Chumash during the revolt of 1824.



A Chumash seagoing canoe or *tomol* navigated by Quabajai Chumash off the west coast of Santa Cruz Island. Photo credit: Peter Howorth.

Vol. XXIII, No. 4 **Winter, 1977**



Flight route of the Mission Chumash during the revolt of 1824.

Chumash Canoes in the Revolt of 1824

By Travis Hudson*

War, with its synonyms of destruction, suffering, carnage and death, is nonetheless of considerable interest to many people, not only as the ultimate expression of human emotion and action, but also for its effect upon millions of lives and countless political entities. There is fascination, too, in the greater and lesser wars fought on American soil, both in conflicts among ourselves and in those which resulted from Western Civilization's encroachment upon our first Americans. From such Indian wars has emerged a popular stereotype of battles—lance and bow-carrying warriors meeting charging U.S. Cavalry to the sound of bugles—and leaders with names like Sitting Bull, Custer, Crazy Horse, Sheridan, Geronimo and Miles.

But there were other battles and names which have somehow eluded such stereotypes. This is particularly true for the infrequent but nonetheless violent conflicts which occurred in Mission California. A stereotype of this California region would probably consist of peaceful Mission Indians engaged in making adobe, tanning skins, or hoeing weeds, while their overseers were busy in Church affairs, all against a background of Spanish colonial architecture and oak-covered hills. Few people realize that the scene was not always so tranquil, particularly during the Chumash Revolt of 1824.

There are historical records of this conflict, recorded in letters and reports penned by military and missionary men in Mexican California. From these, historians can reconstruct the complex chain of events associated with the uprisings at Missions Santa Inés, La Purísima, and Santa Barbara, and the subsequent retreat of these people inland and their pursuit by Mexican military forces. (See map) But these accounts are the Mexican version of what happened, and except for one Chumash account collected by an anthropologist, little is known about the Chumash participants in the revolt and their side of the story.

The Mexican reports are still biased in other ways too, for all have concentrated on the military events taking place on land. Few people—even historians—realize that two Chumash seagoing canoes participated in the Revolt of 1824. (Figs. 1, 2, 5) These canoes were not involved in naval battles at sea, but were used by the neophytes to flee from Mission Santa Barbara. Their destination was Santa Cruz Island, some 30 miles off the Southern California coast.

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* Dr. Hudson, Curator of Anthropology, Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, dedicates this paper "in memory of Father Maynard Geiger (1900–1977), who so often helped me, as he did on this paper, and was ever a source of encouragement on my Chumash studies."

Using field notes collected by anthropologist John P. Harrington[1] of the Smithsonian Institution (Fig. 3) from an aged Mission Chumash informant,[2] Fernando Librado *Kitsepawit,* (Fig. 4) and working with records at Mission Santa Barbara, we can reconstruct some of the drama in the involvement of these canoes in the conflict. It is an exciting application of ethnographic data collected in 1913 and historic data from 1812 to 1824, focusing upon the naval aspects of this conflict, and the Chumash participants.

Occupying the south-central California coast from Topanga Canyon, Los Angeles County, in the east to Estero Bay, San Luis Obispo County, in the north, as well as the four northern offshore islands, the Chumash were a large and diverse population. They numbered perhaps some 20,000 people and spoke several closely related languages. By far the greatest number of these people lived along the Santa Barbara Channel, where villages (actually towns in some cases) prospered as trading and manufacturing centers, some as political capitals controlling vast territory.

The diverse resources of land and sea were efficiently exploited by these people, forming the basis for a complex trading system. Economic exchange was regulated by a shell bead money made by the Chumash, who were its major source for most of aboriginal Southern California. Raw and finished materials flowed over a network of land and sea routes to distant places. Various materials were also channeled into the hands of occupational specialists, who transformed them into a variety of products—wooden and stone bowls, bows and arrows, baskets of many kinds, pipes, charms, and so on—for sale or exchange. Wealth and status were integral parts of Chumash society.

Though much of their technology differed little from that of other California peoples, the Chumash manufactured highly sophisticated products, particularly those which characterized their maritime culture. Placing them in the technological forefront of aboriginal California, their greatest achievement was the famed seagoing plank canoe, called *tomol* in Chumash. This craft greatly impressed all the early explorers who saw it, including Cabrillo, not only with its construction and general beauty, but also with the speed and agility with which it traveled the sea.[3]

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[1] Anthropologist John Peabody Harrington was born in 1884 and was graduated from Santa Barbara High School in 1901. He spent many years studying American Indians, and collected considerable information on the culture of the Chumash, his favorite people. He retired to Santa Barbara and died in 1961.

[2] Fernando Librado *Kitsepawit* was one of Harrington's most important informants on Chumash culture. At an estimated age of 108, he provided the 28-year-old anthropologist with many facts, including the rich details on Chumash canoes.

[3] An earlier anthropological version of this paper, with references, was published under the title "Chumash Canoes of Mission Santa Barbara: the Revolt of 1824," in *The Journal of California Anthropology,* Vol. 3(2), 1977. For a detailed description of the Chumash *tomol,* see "*Tomol*: Chumash Watercraft as Described in the Eth-

The *tomol* lacked an internal structure of ribs; it was made from planks split out of driftwood logs using whalebone wedges. The preferred building material was redwood, for it was relatively light in weight, durable, strong, and easy to work. But redwood was rare among the wood which drifted into the channel and washed ashore. More common were various pines and fir, and they were likewise used. Driftwood itself was the important consideration; stranded on beaches above high tide for years, it would be naturally seasoned and highly desirable for boat construction.

All boatbuilding tasks were supervised by an *'altomolich,* or "maker of canoes."[4] As the master boatbuilder he directed the activities of half a dozen men engaged in the project, which involved a variety of skilled tasks—board making, fitting planks, drilling holes, tarring, sewing, caulking, and decorating. He held an elite position in Chumash society, distinguished by wearing a waist-length cape of bearskin. He was highly respected, not only for his knowledge and skills in boat construction and handling at sea, but also for his wealth, for only a rich man could afford the expensive materials and labor needed to build a plank canoe. It would take as much as six months to build a *tomol.*

The *'altomolich* held a position of considerable economic authority in his community, for his finished boat would be used for procuring food from the sea—fishing, collecting abalones, sea mammal hunting (excluding whales)—as well as for voyages across the channel to conduct trade. There were only a few men associated with canoes in any village. Of them the *'altomolich* was the local head of an elite professional group, a guild called the "Brotherhood of the Canoe." It was not uncommon for the *'altomolich* to be part of the mainstream of Chumash political power, for he could also hold the office of village chief or *wot,* or be a member of an elite religious political organization called the *'antap.*

The skilled laborers worked with stone, bone and shell tools to cut, shape, twist and bend the planks to form the hull of the canoe. They used only simple materials to hold the planking in place. A mixture of heated tar and pine pitch was the adhesive, strengthened by "sewing"

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nographic notes of John P. Harrington," edited with notes by Travis Hudson, Janice Timbrook and Melissa Rempe, in *Ballena Press Anthropological Papers,* Socorro, New Mexico, 1977 (in press).

A Chumash seagoing canoe or *tomol,* the *Helek,* was built for the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Howorth under the direction of Dr. Hudson as part of the local American Bicentennial celebration in 1976. The metal-less craft of driftwood planks, 26.5 feet in length, is now on exhibit at the Santa Barbara County Courthouse.

[4] Nearly all esoteric linguistic symbols to transcribe Chumash words have been eliminated from the text of this article; three sounds, however, require explanation: ' represents a glottal stop, similar to the catch in the throat in English "oh-oh"; h represents a more heavily aspirated "h" similar to the "j" in Spanish; and ɨ represents a sound similar to a short "u" in English, as in the "u" in the word "tuck."

the boards together with vegetable fiber cordage. No metals were used.

Once the *tomol* was completed, it received artistic embellishment in paint or shell inlay, and sometimes both. The hull of the boat was often stained with a mixture of red ochre and pine pitch to protect the wood and prevent it from becoming watersoaked during use.

The *tomol* was tested for seaworthiness in near-shore waters. As captain, the *'altomolich* sat in the stern of the *tomol.* In front of him were two other crewmen, a rower in the bow and a rower-bailer amidships. A fourth man stood in the sea to hold the boat steady and push it off through the pounding surf. The crew knelt on seagrass matting and used long double-bladed paddles, synchronizing their paddle strokes to the words of a special canoe song. The boat was put through a series of tests, and satisfactory completion meant that it was a functional canoe. Given regular maintainance and care, it would serve well for 20 years or more.

Into this matrix of maritime culture came the Spanish, and five Franciscan Missions were established within Chumash country: San Luis Obispo (1772), San Buenaventura (1782), Santa Barbara (1786), La Purísima (1787), and Santa Inés (1808). In addition, the fourth and final Royal Presidio was established in Santa Barbara (1782), becoming the headquarters for the second military district of the State with jurisdiction over the above named missions and intervening ranchos. From the time of their foundings until the time of the revolt, these missions undertook a program of "reduction," whereby the Chumash were brought into the Mission system and taught to become functioning, contributing, Catholic members of the broader Spanish empire. The period was one of adjustments and perhaps some mutual exploitation, as Western Civilization and its economy of land-oriented food production met the aboriginal economy of land and seafood gathering and hunting. The outcome was acculturation for the rapidly depleted numbers of surviving Chumash.

But there were instances in which this interaction was not so one-sided, but rather one in which elements of Chumash culture were integrated with those of the Church. The *tomol* was such a case.

The tremendous expense for materials and labor needed to construct a *tomol* in Pre-Mission times was now paid by the Church, and the Missions became the owners of the canoes. Wood not needed for Mission construction was sent by the priests to selected groups of freed laborers, such as carpenters, to construct plank canoes under the guidance and authority of a *tomolero.*

The word *tomolero,* which replaced the aboriginal *'altomolich,* is of interest in terms of its etymology, for it illustrates well the strange marriage between Chumash canoes and the Mission system. The word *tomol* is Chumash for canoe. The Spanish added the suffix "ero" to mean "one who is associated with canoes." The result was a curious blend of Chumash and Spanish—*tomolelu* as the Chumash pronounced it, for

they lacked the sound of "r" in their language and replaced the "o" sound with a "u" sound ending.

Following the status of the *'altomolich* before him, the *tomolelu* was a respected and important man. During the construction of a plank canoe in some designated area belonging to the Mission, the *tomolelu* wore distinctive clothing to mark his rank of importance: a shirt replaced the bearskin cape, while the workers wore only a G-string. Technology also changed, as men were allocated iron tools to replace their former ones of bone, shell and stone.

It was necessary for the priest and other Mission officials to trust their *tomolelu* completely, for he was often absent from their control at sea or at the beach or port where the canoe was kept and maintained. In addition, he inspired the confidence of his crewmen in his judgement at sea by practicing the old traditional beliefs, rituals, and customs of Chumash seamen.

The priests' motives for having these expensive boats were basically similar to those of the Chumash: procuring food from the sea, communicating with the Channel Islands, and sea otter hunting.

During lean times in the Mission agricultural system, the Chumash were often released to exploit the wild plant and animal foods, and fishing was certainly a part of this activity. Former Chumash ports became fishing ports for Mission canoes. At Mission Santa Barbara the canoes operated out of what is now the harbor, the former village of *Syuḫtun*. Their canoes also used nearby La Patera Estero, later known as Goleta Slough. Mission San Buenaventura had its fishing port at the site of *Shisholop,* once an important Chumash coastal town with many canoes. For landlocked Mission Santa Inés the port was probably situated at *Qasil*—modern Refugio State Beach—reached by a winding trail through the mountains. Mission La Purísima Concepción, also landlocked, was linked by trail to its port at El Cojo. The Chumash village there was also known as *Shisholop,* the name itself perhaps meaning "port."

No doubt the major reason for the plank canoe's survival in Mexican California was its use in procurement and trade of sea otter pelts. As aboriginal Chumash seamen transported these pelts from the islands to the mainland, it did not take long for the arriving Spanish and later Mexican peoples to seize upon this market system and convert it into a foreign trading enterprise. The Missions in Chumash country entered the fur business, providing their neophyte canoemen with food, supplies, and covering the cost of constructing plank canoes—all of which was directed to procuring otter pelts for the Mission to sell or trade. By the first decade of the nineteenth century business was booming. Mission San Buenaventura, for example, reported yearly totals of 100 to 160 pelts, while Mission La Purísima was receiving an annual cash benefit of $10,000 from the furs.

Many of these pelts were not directly exported to Mexico, but rather were sold illegally to foreign vessels, mostly Russian and American. One sea captain, William Shaler, skipper of the *Lelia Byrd,* noted in 1804 that the sea otters of the Santa Barbara Channel were better than those found along any other part of the California coast. Vessels such as his, John T. Hudson's *Tamara,* and many others, would spend about 5 or 6 months trading with friars and Indians for such furs, leaving behind annually some $25,000 from American traders alone. The illegal nature of this trade required that the vessels put into lesser-used ports to escape Spanish civil authority. No doubt some of the ports they used were the Mission Chumash canoe ports: El Cojo, *Qasil,* and so forth.

Each Mission in Chumash country owned one if not more of these plank boats. Exactly what the count was for each Mission at the height of the otter trade, before 1810, is not known at this time. We do have some indication of the number of canoes owned in the 1820's: San Buenaventura, 3 canoes; Santa Barbara, 2 canoes; and Santa Inés, 1 canoe. In addition, there is some evidence that La Purísima owned at least one canoe. Fr. Mariano Payeras of that Mission, for example, wrote in his account book under the date February 6, 1814, that he had entered into a partnership with a Santa Rosa Island captain named *Gele* to purchase two Indian canoes. Payeras' share consisted of a sack of wheat and 17 pesos in glass beads.

During the war for Mexican independence from Spain (1810–1821), Alta California found itself having to become even more self-supportive. Since the Missions were already somewhat self-supporting, the Governor of California requested them to provide the needed aid to the military. By 1820 a debt of no less than a half million pesos had been incurred by the military presidios. A few years later, the Mexican Government added a six percent tax on all Mission exports, except brandy. The labor force which felt the brunt of these economic pressures was of course the Mission Indians.

No doubt there were other disruptive factors to increase the anxiety and depression of these people: mistreatment by their foreign masters (gente de razon), death of large segments of their population from introduced diseases, and a breakdown of their aboriginal political, social, and religious systems. The seeds for a revolt were well planted.

The story of the revolt itself is rather long and complex, and need not be repeated in full here. Of importance is the fact that after the revolt had begun at Missions Santa Inés and La Purísima—for the flogging of a Purísima man at Santa Inés—a messenger was dispatched for Mission Santa Barbara to notify the Indians there that the Indians had taken over the Missions and that several had been killed. This messenger arrived in Santa Barbara the following morning, Sunday, February 22, 1824. Women and children at Santa Barbara were ordered into the foothills for their own safety; the men had meetings and later armed themselves for poten-
Harrington, as well as from Mission records.

After a series of incidents at the Mission which resulted in open conflict, the Indian men began to evacuate the neophyte quarters that afternoon, heading inland to join their families. By this time several neophytes had been killed. In the weeks that followed, Mexican military forces sent out from the Presidios at Monterey and Santa Barbara finally caught up with the Chumash in the Tulare region of Buena Vista Lake, in what is now southwestern Kern County. By June 22nd, the Chumash and Mexican forces had reached a peaceful solution to the conflict, and the Indian people then returned to Santa Barbara, Santa Inés, and La Purísima. The revolt was officially over.

Fr. Antonio Ripoll was the resident priest at Mission Santa Barbara when the revolt broke out. He concluded a letter written on May 5th, while the revolt was still in progress, with the following comment on his personal feelings:

> Finally, this narrative would be endless were I to recount the feelings I have experienced and the sufferings I have undergone during this period. They have been of such intensity that I have been tempted to flee to the island in a canoe where fifty of the neophytes from here are who on the day of the uprising embarked during the night at Mescaltitan. We have only two canoes but I am certain that if we had twenty or thirty we could take the two hundred people whom I have reunited with me and I would have gone along with them. . . .

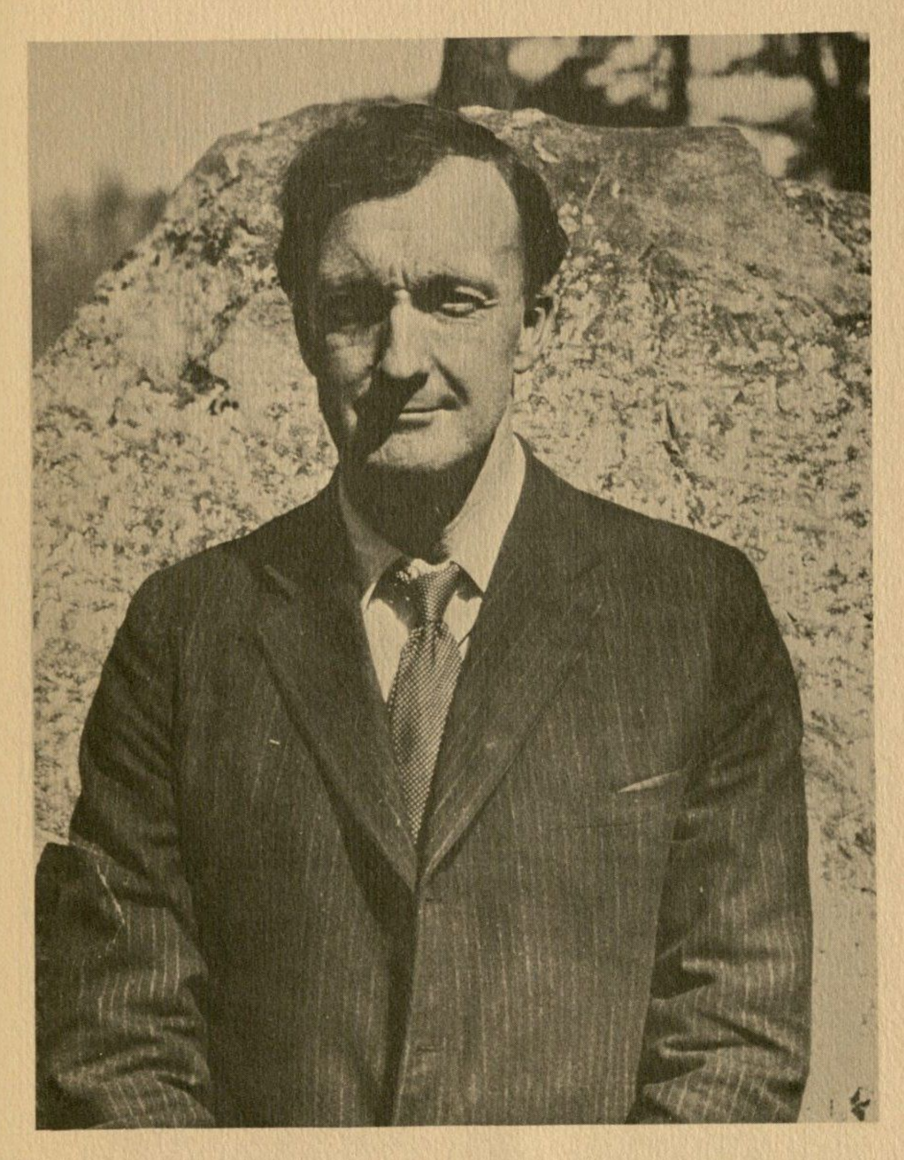
Important historical data are to be found in this account. First, Mission Santa Barbara owned two canoes. Second, the neophytes used them, embarking the evening of February 22nd from Mescaltitan as Ripoll spells it, or more properly Mescaltitlan at La Patera Estero. Third, fifty people were transported in these boats to "the island," most likely Santa Cruz Island. Last, by May 5th, some 11 weeks after the departure, these people had apparently still not returned to Santa Barbara. Let us now turn to the ethnographic data recorded by Harrington, and the historical information in the records of Mission Santa Barbara, to fill in some of the missing details in Ripoll's account, as well as to reconstruct what actually took place.

The ethnographic notes provide the names of four Chumash men at Mission Santa Barbara who were associated with the construction and use of plank canoes just prior to the revolt. These men were José Sudón *Kamuliyatset,* José Venadero *Silinahuwit,* Paisano and Laudenzio.

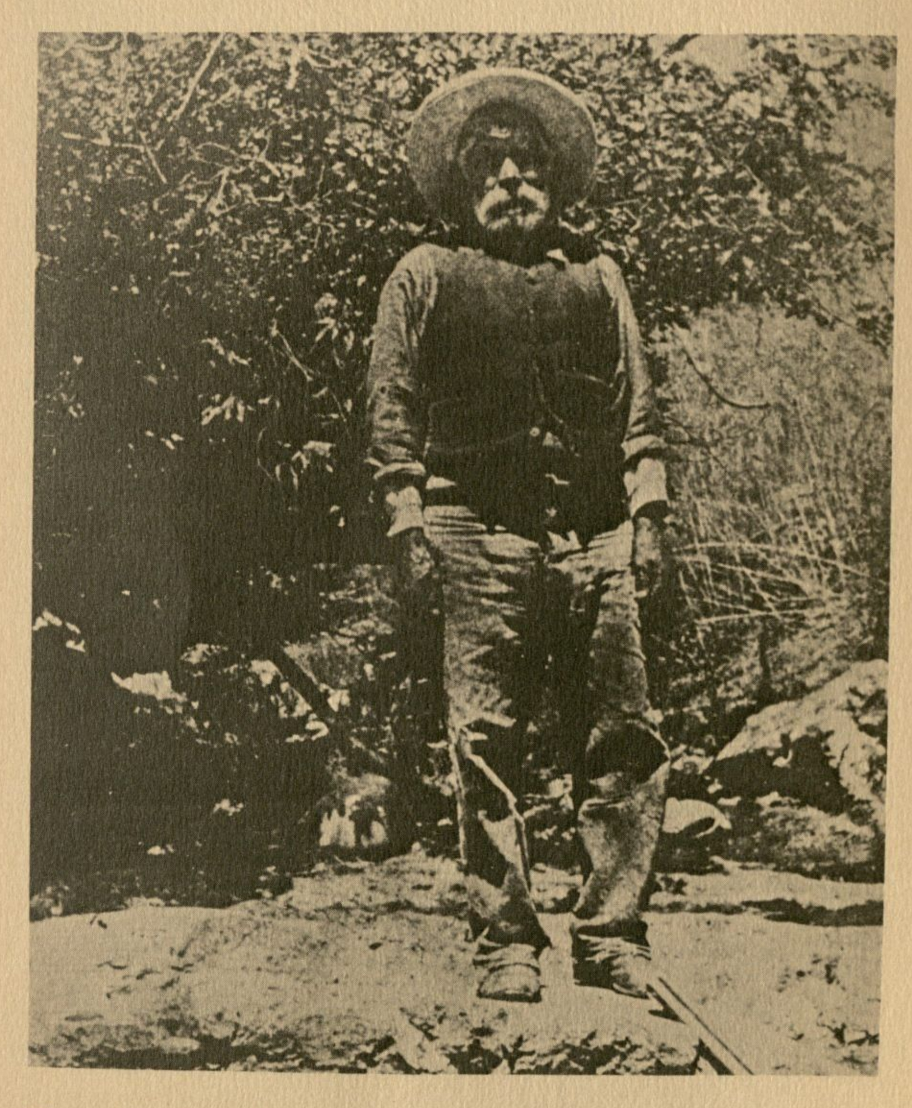
The notes state that José Sudón, Paisano and Laudenzio constructed two plank canoes at a location which corresponds with Ripoll's Mescaltitlan. Both of these boats are described. Little else is known concerning Laudenzio, while we are told that Paisano, a Carpinteria Indian, was a carpenter at Mission Santa Barbara and took part in the construction of the church's two towers in 1833. A great deal more information is available on José Sudón from both the canoe notes of Fernando and tial fighting with the nearby Presidio soldiers.



Quabajai Chumash preparing to launch the *H̲elek* off East Beach, Santa Barbara. Photo credit: Travis Hudson.



This photograph of John P. Harrington, taken about 1920, is a family heirloom handed down from a Chumash friend in Santa Barbara. Photo credit: Descendants of Luisa Ygnacio.



Fernando Librado *Kitsepawit,* an informant on Chumash culture. Photo credit: Santa Barbara Historical Society.



Quabajai Chumash navigating the *H̲elek* off the northwest coast of Santa Rosa Island.
Photo credit: Travis Hudson.

The canoe notes reveal that José Sudón received his last name, Sudón, because he was always in a sweathouse. The name is derived from "sudor," Spanish, meaning "to sweat." His Indian name meant "a beginning which always will be." He was born at the village of *Swahɨl* on Santa Cruz Island, the grandson of the village's first captain and founder. Years later he was living in Santa Barbara and was the captain of a village near La Patera Estero. During Mission Santa Barbara days he was a fisherman, as well as a *tomolelu* and member of the Brotherhood of the Canoe, but apparently abandoned his canoe sometime in the mid-1830s in Santa Barbara. No operating canoes were ever seen at sea in the Santa Barbara region after that date.

Mission records corroborate the ethnographic data on the biographical sketch of this man. Under Entry No. 4126 in the Baptismal Register at Mission Santa Barbara is the name José *Camuluyatset* (note phonetic spelling of the padre). His wife, Cecilia, is listed under Entry No. 4134. Both were baptized in the Mission church by Fray Antonio Ripoll on July 29, 1819. Both were natives of Santa Cruz Island; José was listed as about 38 years old, while his wife was about 41 years old. They are noted as the parents of Atenogenes *Liliuanaitset*. José was given the Christian name of José Crespín. His godfather was a man named Buenaventura.

No other references in the Mission records could be found for José, his wife, or his child. A check with local city records and cemeteries yielded no further information; however, he is probably the same man who on November 4, 1856, provided Rev. Antonio Jimeno with a vocabulary of Santa Cruz Island Chumash. According to an entry recorded with this material, the source was a man named Joseph *Camuluyazet* (phonetic spelling), aged about 80 years, of Santa Barbara.

Harrington's ethnographic notes provide the following information about José Venadero. He was born in *Quichuma* and given the Indian name of *Silinahuwit*. His name Venadero was given to him because he knew the haunts of deer, mountain lion, and other animals—the Spanish word "venadero" means "a place frequented by deer." José Venadero was a close associate of José Sudón. A fisherman during Mission Santa Barbara days, Venadero was also a member of the Brotherhood of the Canoe and a local officer in that organization. The ethnographic notes also relate that after a Ventura Chumash plank canoe made a visit to Santa Barbara, José Venadero built a boat very much like it. It is not certain, nor are the notes clear, whether this was a third canoe for Mission Santa Barbara, or if it may have been one of the two under José Sudón's construction. The latter interpretation is suspected, since only two canoes are ever mentioned for the Santa Barbara region.

Again there is corroboration between the ethnographic data and the Mission Santa Barbara Baptismal Register. Under Entry No. 3535, José Venadero *Cilinajuit* (phonetic spelling of priest) was baptized on April 9, 1812, at about the age of 40. His native village was *Sihuaya,* which is

not far from the village of *'Aqicum,* Hispanicized into Quichuma, and again later changed into its modern spelling of Cachuma. José's godfather was Captain José Dario Argüello, who served as Commandante of the Presidio of Santa Barbara, and for a brief period as Governor of California.

From the above information the conclusion is drawn that Sudón and Venadero were the builders of the two canoes which belonged to Mission Santa Barbara and took part in the revolt. Their association with this Mission and the La Patera region, as well as their membership in the Brotherhood of the Canoe, also supports this and indicates that they had the status and title of *tomolelu.* In addition, the baptism dates of these men at Mission Santa Barbara indicate that the two plank canoes used in the revolt were constructed sometime after the year 1819, when José Sudón arrived at the Mission. That the canoes headed for Santa Cruz Island during the revolt may be related to the fact that José Sudón came from that island only a few years before—a native of *Swahil* on the east coast.

A brief description of the appearance of these two Mission Santa Barbara canoes was also recorded by Harrington from his Indian informant. According to Fernando, both canoes were built by traditional Chumash methods for the most part. A few features were distinctive. First, both canoes lacked any sort of shell inlay in their elevated prow and stern wash strakes, although such inlay was a fairly common artistic feature on many Chumash canoes. Second, the typical use of the red ochre stain sealer, so frequently observed by early coastal explorers to the Santa Barbara Channel, was used only on the outside of one canoe, while the other went totally without it. Third was the addition of ribs. This feature may have been historically introduced to Chumash boatbuilding, for ribs were lacking on the canoes seen by the early explorers, but they were installed on both the Mission Santa Barbara canoes. On one canoe two ribs were employed, positioned no doubt in the fore and aft sections of the boat. The location of the single rib on the other canoe is not stated.

With all of this information at hand, it is now possible to expand Ripoll's historical account and reconstruct the participation of these two canoes in the Chumash Revolt of 1824.

On the afternoon of February 22, 1824, 43-year-old José Sudón *Kamuliyatset* and his friend, 52-year-old José Venadero *Silinahuwit,* considered plans to use the Mission's two canoes to flee from the conflict in progress at Santa Barbara. They were probably assisted by Paisano, Laudenzio and four other men—all of whom formed the operating crews (seamen and launchers) of these two boats.

The boats were kept in the tules at La Patera, near Mescaltitlan Island, at the small settlement-port for neophyte Chumash who used and maintained these boats for Mission Santa Barbara. José Sudón, a

tomolelu, was also probably the settlement's captain, for he did hold this office in later years.

Under cover of darkness to avoid discovery by Mexican soldiers from the Presidio, the sailors removed the boats from their tule storage place and began to prepare them for sea. Paddles, matting, and bailing baskets were gathered, and water bottles were filled. Blankets to warm them at sea during the chilly February night were also collected. The sailors' families, who were the remaining occupants of the tiny Mission canoe port, also took part in gathering essential belongings to sustain them on their journey and in the months ahead. The boats were then loaded with some 50 people.

One can only speculate on the composition of this group. First, there would be adult men who crewed these canoes or served in their launching and landing. With four for each boat, there would thus be about eight men. Their wives, and perhaps an aged relative or two, would add another eight or so adults, among them Cecilia, Sudón's wife. Then came their children, among them Atenogenes *Liliuanaitset,* the child of Sudón. How many children were in the community is anyone's guess. If our estimated 16–18 adults were subtracted from the total of Ripoll's 50, then about 32–34 children completed the group, or about two children for each adult.

As a means of cross-checking these figures, we can compare the weight of the passengers to the carrying capacity of the *tomol.* Figuring 200 pounds for each adult and 100 pounds for each child (probably high estimates), the calculated weight is about 3,200 pounds per canoe. This figure is not unreasonable in view of what we know now about the carrying capacity of a 26.5-foot long Chumash *tomol* we built and tested. We have estimated that our boat's capacity is between 3,000 and 4,000 pounds. The addition of ribs in the two Mission canoes might suggest that their boats could have been larger, though ours is nearly the maximum length reported for such boats and was constructed without ribs. The above weight estimates for the fugitives do not include the weight of their belongings and accessories needed to operate the boat or sustain them. In any event, the boats were no doubt heavily loaded and certainly extremely crowded, but obviously still seaworthy.

The canoes then left the estero in darkness, their destination being Santa Cruz Island. Normally the boats would have turned eastward to follow the coast, stopping at various canoe ports until reaching Port Hueneme. Then they would cross at the narrowest part of the channel to Anacapa Island, steering westward for Santa Cruz Island. But perhaps fear of discovery or of being detained at Mission San Buenaventura when the boats put into *Shisholop,* as well as a calm sea, resulted in their attempting a direct crossing of the channel from Santa Barbara. During the late hours of the evening or early hours of the morning the passage would be easiest, but still it was rarely attempted by the sailors. Even so, they decided upon a course due south, navigating by the stars, which

would bring them to Santa Cruz Island, perhaps to the aboriginal canoe port of *Kahas,* located at today's Prisoner's Harbor on the north coast of the island. They had to risk taking this route, for the mainland was in a state of war and only the islands offered safety.

Where they landed on the island is unknown, but perhaps José Sudón, who knew the place well from having left it only 5 years before, selected a safe location for the refugee colony at *Swaḫɨl,* the village where he had been born and raised, but was now unoccupied. In any event Sudón most probably became the colony's leader.

From Ripoll's account it is known that they were on the island for at least 11 weeks, and perhaps longer. One can only guess that their subsistence followed the aboriginal Chumash patterns of exploiting land plant and animal foods, collecting shellfish, and procuring fish and sea mammals by use of their two canoes. From their arrival in late February until the end of the rainy season in April, however, food supplies would have been scarce; fish, though erratic and unpredictable in winter, and shellfish must have been the principal food resources available. By spring, green plants and sprouts, bulbs, roots and tubers would have supplemented their seafood diet. In any case, these people must have had to work hard to procure enough food for survival.

Unfortunately, there is as yet no information about the return of these people to the mainland, or their ultimate fate. The notes do indicate that both José Sudón and José Venadero were back at La Patera with their canoes in the 1830s. Since the Chumash who retreated inland were "pardoned" by the Mexican military forces sent to bring them back, we can assume that no disciplinary action was taken against those who fled to the islands by canoe.

It is hoped that this reconstruction and the information presented will contribute to a much fuller understanding of the Chumash Revolt of 1824, and to the men and canoes taking part in it. This reconstruction of a California Mission Indian conflict is also intended to serve in some small way to erode the popular stereotypes of Indian Wars on American soil.

The illustrations for the San Miguel Island issue, (Fall, 1977) were furnished by Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman Lester.

The shipwrecked vessel was the *Cuba.*



San Miguel Island Harbor, 1939



The barracks-like house John Russell built for Captain Waters

Random Notes on the Natural History of San Miguel Island

By CLIFTON F. SMITH*

For over forty years San Miguel Island has been in view from my house at Santa Barbara, about forty-five miles to the southwest. But with its low profile, one has to strain his eyes to see it, since much of the time the island is shrouded in fog or haze.

It is the farthest west of the local Channel Islands and thus the most maritime, about fourteen thousand acres of dunes, spectacular rocky cliffs, and a picturesque harbor with its own island of several acres. Offshore near the west end are several oil seeps which someday might threaten its privacy.

But the climate has been a limiting factor. San Miguel is exposed to the open sea, with winds howling out of the northwest in spring and summer, and pity the poor sailor who gets caught in this dilemma. Shipwrecks are a testimony. It can also be a paradise in calm seas and gentle breezes after the fogs lift.

San Miguel Island was once inhabited by Indians, with villages concentrated along bluffs above an abundance of sea foods. It was later "discovered" by Juan Rodgriguez Cabrillo in October, 1542. And since then it has carved its niche in local history.

The animal population is perhaps normal for an island of this size and isolation. A dwarf mammoth once roamed in early times, apparently at one phase with the Indians, about twenty-five to fifty thousand years ago. This animal had originated as a larger species on the adjacent mainland and later became dwarfed by isolation, first reaching the Channel Islands (Anacapa, Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, San Miguel) while they were an extended peninsula of the Santa Monica Mountains. The geologic history of these islands is a fascinating study within itself, exhibiting continual sinking and rising, and creating many visible wave-cut terraces. Numerous birds are visitors or residents, with one subspecies limited to this island, the San Miguel Song Sparrow. Two mammals are also restricted, a deer mouse and the San Miguel Island Fox, a dwarfed subspecies of the mainland. With a little coaxing the fox becomes sociable and one often wonders how this animal had survived through heavy Indian habitation if they were not friendly toward it. In some coves six

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species of sea mammals (seals, sea lions) and the sea otter are making a comeback in surrounding waters.

And of particular interest to the writer are the plants of San Miguel Island. Many are endemic or known only on the islands, but most are common to the mainland, a few as remnants of a northern flora that extended south in Pleistocene times. Although there are no pines on the island today, as presently on Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa Islands, pine trees probably existed in the past when the climate was milder, as evidence reveals in the caliche sand casts which are exposed by the relentless winds in swaths across the dunes. The sands literally pour into the sea on the south side. Such erosion probably began after the introduction of sheep in the 1850s and was aggravated by the droughts of 1864 and later. Until 1950, when most of the grazing animals were removed, wind erosion has been a serious threat to the native habitats on San Miguel. But it can be said today that the scars are slowly healing, without the help of modern man and his range improvements, largely consisting of introduced grasses that violate the beautiful pristine vegetation.

In years of opportune rainfall, wildflowers can be very colorful, especially on the arrested dunes where the San Miguel Locoweed and the Dune Dandelion are abundant. About Cuylers Harbor are a reddish yarrow and a buckwheat, while cascading down steep sandy slopes are large colonies of the Island Morning-glory. On cliffs are succulents and the Sea Dahlia. And many annuals in open places, such as Tidy Tips and Gold Fields. Near the west end is a small colony of Malva Real, last collected at this locality in 1886, and lately rediscovered as the last plants of this species on the Northern Channel Islands. This shrub with hollyhock-like flowers, is frequently planted on our coastal mainland and about habitations on other nearby islands.

No ferns are known on this island. It is a land where potable water is scarce and the vegetation is favored by fog drip.

Recently, the National Park Service has taken on added responsibilities for the treasures of San Miguel Island, formerly managed by the United States Navy. We hope that the Park Service will protect this isle as a scientific reserve, with limited access to those who appreciate the natural environment of this gem in the western sea.

The Waters Family of San Miguel

By Stella Haverland Rouse

Hidden in the pages of Santa Barbara's old newspapers are many strange stories of the city's early residents, but none are more bizarre, perhaps, than the record of Captain William G. Waters, who claimed 14,000-acre San Miguel Island in the late 1800s. With the exception of the report of the "seizure" of the island by President Grover Cleveland, few events of Captain Waters' life were recorded as they happened, but at trials contesting his will in 1917 and 1918 many circumstances were revealed.

Born in Maine in 1838, Captain Waters was descended from English ancestors who settled in the United States early in the eighteenth century. As a young man he was a clerk and apprenticed machinist in Massachusetts. At the outset of the Civil War he enlisted in Company C, Fifteenth Massachusetts, participating in several important battles and being commissioned first lieutenant. He was honorably discharged in 1863 because of physical disability. When the war ended, he was elected captain of the regiment, and was commissioned by Governor Andrews of Massachusetts.[1]

After employment as a master mechanic at manufacturing concerns in civilian life, he was in charge of the press department of the *Boston Daily Advertiser,* of which his brother was half owner. He was asked to install the first Rapid Perfection Printing Press on the Pacific Coast in 1877. For several years he was in charge of press department of the *San Francisco Morning Call.* Information from the California Historical Society reveals that he was listed in San Francisco *Directories* for 1879 and later as "Foreman, press rooms, *Morning Call.*" The last directory there to list him, 1885, shows his occupation as "printer."

Captain Waters' first wife had secured a divorce from him in Boston before he came west. While he was in San Francisco, he married Minnie Richardson Scott, who had come to San Francisco in 1861. Because of her failing health, he brought her to Santa Barbara,[2] then considered a tuberculosis health center, in 1887, and became interested in San Miguel Island.

The first Caucasian sojourners on the island were Cabrillo and his men in 1542. Years later they were followed by sea otter hunters, including Captain George Nidever in the 1830s. In 1850 Captain Nidever bought "the right to use the island" from a sheepowner occupant by the name of Bruce and shipped additional stock there.[3] He sold his interest to Hiram and Herman Mills, from whom Mrs. Elizabeth Lester says Captain Waters acquired San Miguel.[4]

While the island seemed bleak and unattractive for many years, probably because of over-grazing of sheep at one time, several governments and individuals have coveted it. In December, 1895, the *Morning Press* reported that England intended to take advantage of a technicality in order to acquire a coaling station between Vancouver and Honolulu. According to the news item, the Channel Islands were not included in the territory which Mexico ceded to the United States after the Mexican War. The treaty was redrawn a few years later, but San Miguel was inadvertently omitted from the list of islands the United States was to acquire, and now England was intervening:

> 'Tis true that Captain Waters claims the island by right of location and continuous residence, but of course England would not mind a little thing like that.[5]

President Grover Cleveland must have heard of the threat, for in July, 1896, Nicholas Covarrubias, local United States Marshal, had orders to sail with a group of surveyors from Gaviota to San Miguel to appropriate the territory. Captain Waters met the marshal when he landed on the beach. The tenant of San Miguel protested only feebly to the "invasion," saying that he would not resist orders from President Cleveland which were read to him. He wanted to protect his sheep, however, and would furnish all the mutton the men needed, provided he could select the animals for slaughter. The captain hospitably sent down a team to haul the men's baggage to their camp.[6]

Years later, Nick Covarrubias told a slightly more flamboyant version of the incident: that since Waters had the reputation of being a "bad hombre," Covarrubias had

> set about recruiting an army, chartered a vessel and rounded up a formidable bunch of deputies, armed them to the teeth, and set sail for the island. When Waters saw them in the offing, he decided that the Army was much too strong, and he surrendered at discretion. He was invited aboard and proved his friendship by eating prodigiously of the good things which had been secured for the Army.[7]

The surveyors completed their work, and the island was assumed by many to be a United States Possession, although from time to time usurpers have challenged proprietorship.

In February, 1897, the San Miguel Island Company filed papers of incorporation to

> engage in the business of farming and raising stock on San Miguel Island . . . to acquire by grant, lease or otherwise the island, and to sell, convey, lease, rent, etc., the same; to construct, build, equip and operate one or more vessels for transportation of persons and property to and from the island. . . .[8]

The directors were William G. Waters of San Miguel Island, and several Los Angeles men. The capital stock was $50,000, divided into 5000 shares of the par value of $10 each. Five hundred dollars had been subscribed.

In March, 1897, two deeds which sounded rather misleading were reported filed in the County Recorder's office:

> The first conveys from William G. Waters to Jeremiha (sic) Francis Conway an undivided one-third interest in the island of San Miguel and all property thereon. The second conveys from said William G. Waters and J. F. Conroy to the San Miguel Island Company the whole of San Miguel Island, together with all the property now upon the island, which is enumerated as follows: Three thousand sheep and lambs, eighteen horses and mules, one otter boat, three skiffs, two small boats, one farm wagon, one cart, three plows, one harrow, five saddles and bridles, one set of double harness, blacksmith and other tools, household furniture and utensils, various buildings, sheds, etc.[9]

Occasionally in the early 1900s there were small items in local newspapers regarding the captain's business activities. On March 17, 1904, he returned from San Miguel where he had spent a month looking after his stock. Since there had been a heavy rainfall, the feed crop would be sufficient to carry him through the summer. He brought back a sack of mushrooms that were unusually large, some of them measuring ten inches across the top.[10] At first he had used sailboats for transportation, but lost three and a sailor overboard, so he purchased a gasoline launch.[11] Sometimes the trip across the channel was made from Gaviota, the shortest distance by boat between the two bodies of land. Each spring men were taken to the island for sheep shearing. They were provided with round metal tokens labeled "San Miguel," with Waters' name and "1 sheep," which they hung as tallies for each sheep shorn.

In September, 1916, when Captain Waters renewed his San Miguel lease for an additional five years, until November, 1921, he stated that he believed, if he were younger, he could prove his right of ownership,

> because the fact that I lived on the island for twenty-five years without anyone questioning my right, and that I built a home and other buildings there, would, I think, be accepted in Federal courts as proof of my title to the property.[12]

Captain Waters had had a reliable man and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Russell, in charge of the place for ten years, and a substantial house had been built by Russell from salvaged shipwreck lumber. Captain Waters was too old to battle the government for a title then, and apparently he was tired of managing his holdings, for on January 9, 1917, he gave to R. L. Brooks and J. R. Moore

> a contract for the purchase of all the sheep, cattle and other livestock and the personal property, buildings, fixtures and improvements on San Miguel Island. . . . together with the lease. . . . Captain Waters had of said island from the United States government for the period of five years from November 1, 1916.[13]

The purchase price was $30,000 of which $10,000 was paid then, and the balance of $20,000 was to be paid in amounts of $4000 annually in July, 1917, through July, 1921. There were supposed to be 2500 sheep for shearing.

Captain Waters had brought his second wife to Santa Barbara for her health in 1887. However, on August 10, 1889, the Morning Press stated that they had been in San Francisco securing treatment for her for a year, but were returning to live permanently in Santa Barbara since she seemingly had recovered. A death certificate in the Santa Barbara County Recorder's office states that she died of "consumption," January 17, 1890.

In April, 1917, Captain Waters suffered a stroke which resulted in his death, April 26, 1917. He had participated in local civic affairs, and had served a term as commander of the California and Nevada Department of the G. A. R. His obituaries stated that he was one of the founders of the Santa Barbara Club, and had been a member of the Jonathan Clubs of San Francisco and Los Angeles, the Knights Templars and the Masonic Lodge.[14]

The seventy-nine-year-old man left property, including real estate, stock in the Arlington Hotel and cash valued at $48,000. Most of the estate, to be administered by the Santa Barbara Trust Company, was willed to an elderly brother in Boston. Interest on a $5000 trust was to go to Charles, his son by his first wife, and one dollar to Edith, the foster child of his (second) deceased wife. This girl had been adopted when two and one-half years old by Mrs. Scott, a widow, in 1875, and by him June 3, 1887, after their marriage.[15] She later was the subject of considerable newspaper publicity.

The young girl had been in her teens when Mrs. Waters died in 1890, and Captain Waters attempted to rear her according to his standards. His opinion of Edith's character probably led to disinheriting her. Edith Scott-Waters-Walker-Basford-Burritt, his adopted daughter, asked that his holographic will be set aside because he left her only one dollar, because he was "mentally obsessed regarding the plaintiff," and "unduly influenced" by his ninety-two-year-old brother, John, to whom he left most of his estate.

A deposition sent from Boston by John for the first trial indicated that he had visited his brother, William once years previously, and had been coming west every year for about ten years to spend the winter. John stated that he thought he was in the room in 1916 when Captain Waters typed his will, but he did not know what was in it. He knew that his brother had been perturbed by Edith's conduct years previously,

but he did not know the circumstances. The father and his adopted daughter had not communicated for some time. There were unanswered questions regarding whether Captain Waters had mishandled property Edith's foster mother left to her, and whether he had used some of her money in instituting farming operations on San Miguel Island.[16]

At the conclusion of the first short trial, December, 1917, the jury failed to reach a verdict.[17]

In the second trial, May, 1918,[18] the stellar role was taken by Edith Scott Burritt,

> a brilliant writer and theatrical woman, who, though disappointments and sorrow have been her lot, is very attractive and has a winning way with her.

During portions of the trial she sat "quietly knitting." She was described by a reporter:

> A pleasant faced, matronly woman, dressed in plain clothes, she seemed anything but the fascinating vampire that the defendant's attorney sought to paint her. She shows traces of having once been a most remarkably handsome woman, but the years have erased all but a calm, pleasing, motherly look. Her small son, a child by her last husband, plays around the courtroom, a happy, well-behaved little fellow, and comes in for a part of her care. . . .

She made "a splendid witness," for she was "quiet and well poised."

> Her voice, low and deep-throated, could be heard distinctly in all parts of the courtroom and she was never asked to repeat her answers.

On the defense side was John A. Waters, who had been a financial partner in the island sheep business, it was said. He, according to the complaint, had unduly influenced his brother to exclude Mrs. Burritt and Charles, the son by his first wife, from a major inheritance. Captain Waters had seemed the healthier of the two, and was several years younger. John, the survivor, reported to have a fortune of $250,000, had not been fatigued by his long trip from Boston, and was "bright, erect, quick of thought and ready with his answers" on the witness stand. The *Morning Press* pointed out that he seemed to enjoy the trial immensely, and "watched every move between the opposing counsels with great interest."

While the uncle, John, occupied a seat apart from the contestant and her foster brother, he seemed "to be on friendly terms" with some of the family, for on Tuesday he and Mrs. Charles Waters "took lunch together and chatted gaily."

Charles Waters, the Captain's son, had left his grain business in St. Paul, Minnesota, about 1907, at the invitation of his father, to help in the sheep business here. Later, his father had "turned unaccountably against him," and in 1912, according to Charles' obituary when he died

at the age of seventy-two in 1936, he had become a public accountant for several large firms here.[19]

Charles, with the income from a trust of $5000, and his wife, given a lot on Third Avenue, were not contesting their bequests, but were testifying for Edith's good character, for anyone questioning his share in the will was to be cut off with nothing.

Edith's life was reviewed thoroughly during the second trial in May, 1918: The young girl had had some previous dramatic and musical training before Waters' adoption of her when she was about fourteen years old, and for a while the captain had

> willingly joined his wife in giving the child every advantage that money could buy.

Although he then had been proud of her talents, achievements and progress, when she was called home from an exclusive girls' seminary in San Francisco because of her mother's illness, the attorney held, she found Captain Waters changed. He had become

> critical and fault-finding, and suspicious of her every act. Even before the mother's death in January, 1890, he had begun to turn against the child that he had been so fond of. He began watching her when she practiced her music, and would not let her go to a neighbor's house and practice because the neighbor had a young son. He said she could not be trusted and refused to allow her to attend the dances at the Arlington, where because of her high spirits and beauty and musical ability she was a general favorite.

After Mrs. Waters' death, the girl, then about sixteen, instead of returning to her studies, was taken by Captain Waters to San Miguel, where she spent four years, with only occasional trips to Santa Barbara, San Francisco and other places. She was "virtually a prisoner" on the bleak island, composed of

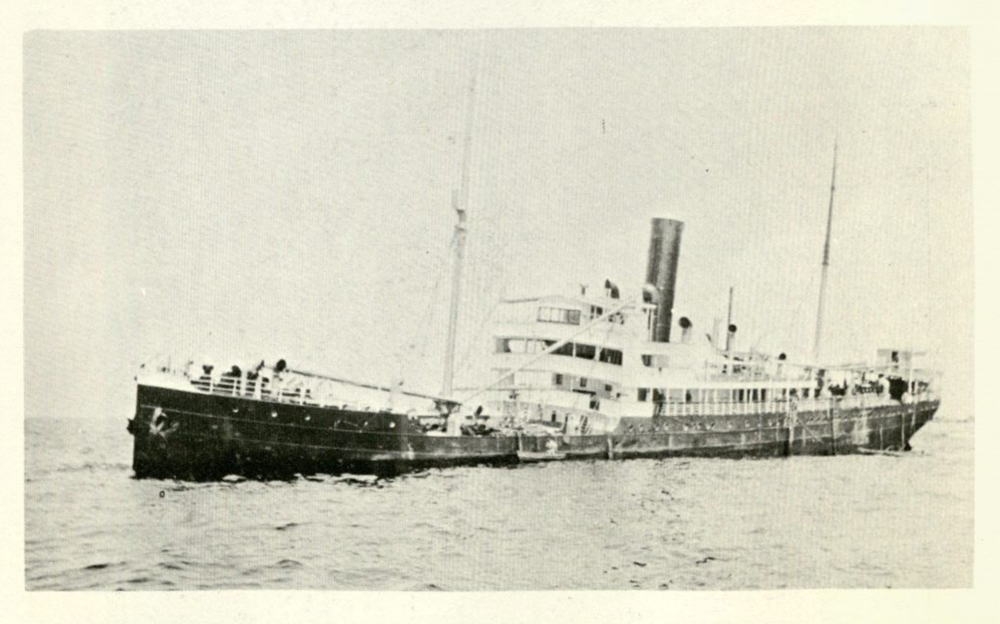
> rocks and white sand; limestone hills and one green mountain; a roughly builded house in which railroad ties form a part of the construction; a bunk house for the men, and corrals for the sheep, hogs and cattle, where the wind blows a gale all the time.

According to her, it was a "life of hard toil, lacking in every comfort, devoid of affection from the captain," who had said he was taking her to the island "where she could be watched." She told how she had removed the worn-out matting from her little room under the eaves, "because the matting contained so many fleas." After the girl lived on the island for a while, a friend, Mrs. Gatey, told Captain Waters that while she enjoyed Edith's visit to the mainland, her dresses were so old-fashioned and worn that she would have to ask the girl to terminate her stay.

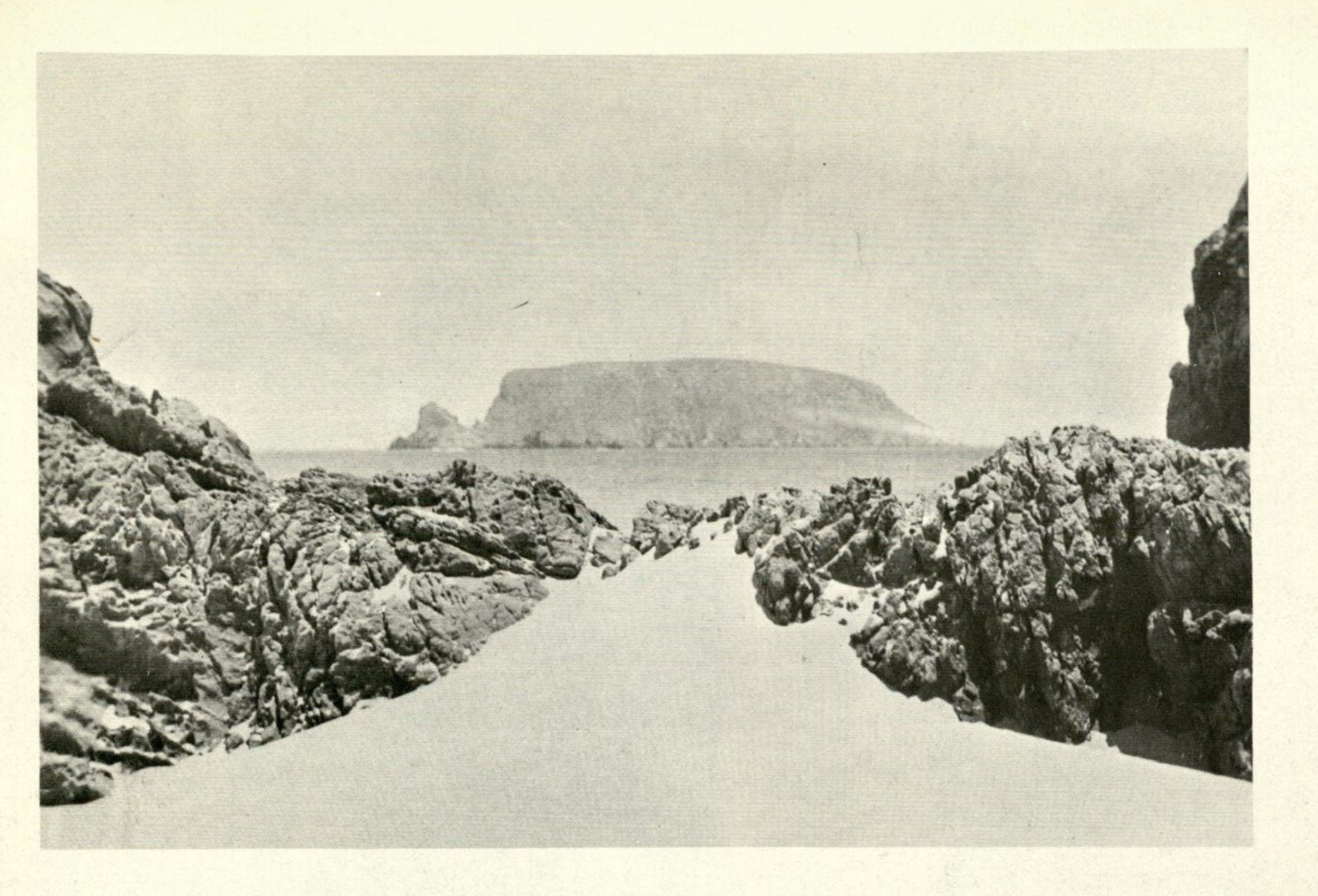


West end of San Miguel Island, 1931

Cliffs near Cuyler's Harbor, San Miguel



One of the many shipwrecks near San Miguel



Prince Island taken from San Miguel Island beach



Launching a boat in the waves

Coast Guard with seal, 1934

The San Francisco attorneys for the plaintiff showed by witnesses' testimony that the girl had borne an excellent reputation when she was younger, and that she had been reared by a particular mother. They declared that she had been obedient to her father while she was on the island, and that

> when sworn at by the captain and told to go into the house, she had always obeyed without comment.

When the counsel for the defense (William G. Griffith and Harry W. T. Ross) had its turn, the attorneys

> drew the picture of a headstrong, wilful girl, rebelling at every precaution taken to protect her character . . . high-spirited and fond of the gay side of life, and who later wore out the patience of the father by continually trying to get money from him.

They declared that Captain Waters had been "in financial straits" when he took her from the more comfortable surroundings, and that he had provided as good clothing as he could afford, and a "horse for her amusement."

While several fishermen had told of the work she was required to do, and how roughly her foster father had treated her, a young man whose mother worked for the captain on the island testified that since his mother had been employed there, Edith did not have to work. A woman visitor recounted that she had found the cabin home "clean and comfortable," and Edith's room a pretty one, with a shelf of good books and pictures on the walls.

According to the plaintiff, the dreary life there culminated in her flight from San Miguel. An unkempt waterfront character who sometimes gathered guano on the islands and brought it to the mainland in his skiff, landed her at Gaviota, where she took a stagecoach for Santa Barbara. This account of her escape greatly interested the jury, and

> when Mrs. Burritt said that she knew the end of the boat was filled with wool because she could see the brown sacks and smell the wool, one of the older men nodded his head as if he, too, knew the odor peculiar to clipped wool.

Then had begun a part of her life which was publicized concurrently as it evolved: She went on the stage in San Francisco, where she met and married the son of an ex-millionaire.

> The young man had nothing to give his wife but love, and this soon waned, so she was compelled to stick to the stage and hoe her own row. . . .[20]

After her husband abandoned her, their child was born in the Los Angeles County Hospital. She left the baby girl in charge of Mrs. M. S. Chisholm,

and returned to San Francisco, asking the woman to find a married couple to adopt the rather frail infant, Dorothy.

Nicholas C. Creede, discoverer of Colorado gold mines, saw the infant and was favorably impressed. Adoption followed.[21] Some time about 1895 he had begun action against his wife for divorce on the grounds of cruelty, and made a settlement of $20,000 on Mrs. Creede. The "old prospector" died July 14, 1897, leaving an estate valued at "less than $500,000" to his adopted child, Dorothy.[22]

Meanwhile, Edith had married "an honest business man from San Francisco," but she could not get the "bewitching infant" back since she had been legally adopted, but

> after the death of Creede there was a fight of many interested parties for the guardianship of the child. The probate wisely, however, determined that under the circumstances the mother was the proper one for that place, so that despite the one-time little likelihood of the two being reunited, they are now together again, and will probably so remain until the little heiress attains her majority.[23]

Litigation regarding "the millionaire's" previous sale of the Amethyst Mine, and Mrs. Creede's attempt to acquire part of the estate continued until January 9, 1901, when a settlement was made by Dorothy's estate guardian, Roger Johnson, according to a story with a San Francisco date line in the *Denver Times*.[24]

Portions of Edith's life in the theatrical world were reviewed by Attorneys Griffith and Ross to prove her "questionable character," but the jury reached a verdict on the second ballot, in favor of Edith Scott Burritt,

> a complete vindication of Mrs. Burritt, as her character was the point at issue in the matter.

According to the *Daily News*, the jury considered the captain "of unsound mind [in relation to his children] when his will was made."

> Uncle John is perhaps the most cheerful loser of a $50,000 estate that has ever appeared in court. His principal worry was the question that he had used undue influence to get his brother to leave him his estate, and when this question was settled, he lost all interest in the case. According to the court's instructions, the estate will be equally divided between the daughter, Edith Scott Burritt of Santa Monica, and the son, Charles D. Waters of this city.

Attorney Griffith notified the court that he would move for a new trial. When the third hearing was about to take place in April, 1920, the case was settled out of court "by payment of $2500 to Mrs. Edith Scott Burritt," who had contested the will. The court found that Captain

Waters was sane, and the Santa Barbara Trust Company was made administrator of the estate, to be distributed as designated in the will.[25]

In the mid-1920s Edith Scott (Waters-Walker-Bashford) Burritt lived in Santa Barbara for a while, according to local *Directories*. In April, 1927, she directed a Strollers' play, Laurence Houseman's *A Chinese Lantern*, presented in the lounge of the Samarkand Hotel. Only one resident, who as a boy lived with his family next door to her, recalls her slightly, but her later life and that of her children is unrecorded locally.

She died December 21, 1935, in Victoria, B. C. Her death certificate gives her occupation, "singer," and marital status, "divorced." Charles, her foster brother, died June 24, 1936, and the Trust Department of the County National Bank, Santa Barbara, in settling the trust from which Charles had benefitted for almost twenty years, listed four living descendants of Edith as beneficiaries: two men by the name of Basford, of three sons born to that marriage; Roland Burritt, the surviving son of two boys born to Edith under the name of Burritt, and the only son receiving property under her own will. Dorothy Walker-Creede-Ritchie, her daughter, had died in 1918, but Dorothy's daughter, born in 1917, survived, and inherited personal property of Edith Scott Burritt, her grandmother.[26]

NOTES FOR PAGES 43–51

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3. Writers' Program, Works Projects Administration. *Santa Barbara: A Guide to the Channel City and its Environs.* New York: Hastings House, 1941, pp. 74–75.

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5. *Morning Press,* 22 December, 1895.

6. *Daily News,* 13 July, 1896. (sic)

7. *Daily News and Independent,* 30 December, 1922.

8. *Morning Press,* 7 February, 1897.

9. *Morning Press,* 9 March, 1897.

10. *Weekly Press,* 17 March, 1904.

11. *Daily News and Independent,* 25 September, 1916.

12. ibid.

13. *The Claim of R. L. Brooks and J. R. Moore for Credit on Contract,* on file in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Santa Barbara, Case No. 10262, litigation over Captain Waters' will. Edith Scott Burritt vs. Santa Barbara Trust Co.

14. *Daily News and Independent,* 27 April, 1917, and *Morning Press,* 27 April, 1917.

15. Papers on file in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Santa Barbara, Case No. 10262, listed above.

16. Deposition on file in the Superior Court of the State of California, Case No. 10262, listed above.

17. *Daily News and Independent,* 19 December, 1917, and *Morning Press,* 19 December, 1917.

18. *Daily News and Independent,* 7, 8, 11, and 14 May, 1918, and *Morning Press,* 8, 9, 10, 11 and 14, 1918.

19. *News-Press,* 25 June, 1936.

20. *Morning Press,* 25 July, 1895.

21. *Herald,* 29 December, 1899.

22. *Denver Republican,* July 15, 1897.

23. *Herald,* op. cit.

24. *Denver Times,* 9 January, 1901.

25. *Daily News and Independent,* 6 April, 1920, and *Morning Press,* 6 April, 1920.

26. Report of Trust Department, County National Bank, on file in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Santa Barbara, Case No. 10262, listed above.

An Appeal to Our Readers

Some members of the Historical Society are interested in the history of San Marcos Pass. As the nearest route over the mountains from the Santa Ynez Valley, the Pass has always been intimately associated with the history of Santa Barbara, but there appears to be little information about the history of the Pass itself: there is practically none in the Historical Society library, and Father Maynard Geiger of the Old Mission, in an article about Santa Barbara roads in the Mountain Passes issue of *Noticias* (Spring, 1964) says there is very little in the Mission Archives. Although research would seem to be in order, it is also necessary to tap the memories of old timers and the stories told by them to sons, daughters and grandchildren.

Hugh Weldon's memories go back to 1913, but there must be others —old timers still living or descendants to whom they told stories. If there are, it surely would be most helpful if they were brought forth, covering such topics as when the narrow, winding dirt road was built that supplanted the original road over Slippery Rock; the route of the road past Hobo Rock and the old stage station; traffic over the pass by stages; large wagons hauling wood and freight and whether they were hauled by horses or mules; the toll road over the summit of the Pass; when the road was black-topped or paved, and changes in the route.

If our readers know of any such stories or memories, please convey them to the librarian of the Historical Society, and he will collect them and be happy to have them. Also, if anyone might be interested in doing research on the subject, let him know. Hugh Weldon and others will be happy to give a researcher what information they have as a starter.

*San Miguel Island "Crookery"**

By WHITNEY T. GENNS

To begin with, during the course of publishing Elizabeth Sherman Lester's *The Legendary King of San Miguel: The Lesters of Rancho Rambouillet,* I realized that much would have to be sacrificed in order to sum up the high-lights of daily life on San Miguel Island. There was enough good material for several books, and at this time I am borrowing from the unpublished portions of her notes to elaborate upon one of the most confusing, confining and confounding chores faced by the Lesters, every day—that of concocting three meals a day for themselves, guests and the sheepshearers, out of very limited irregular and monotonous stores. Mrs. Lester once confided that she practiced "crookery," not cookery, for she stole every idea she could to adapt for their needs in their primitive and isolated state, so I am also borrowing her apt title for this additional occasion.

In the beginning there was lamb, and then more lamb. Lamb to roast, lamb to broil, lamb to stew and to make ragout. No matter what one did with lamb it still tasted like lamb. Whether one curried it or buried it in Hot Sauce or stuffed it with dressing, or roasted its eyes, or broiled its tails, or dredged its shanks, or disguised it as "Mountain Oysters." One learned first to remove its tell-tell suet which quickly became tallow, when cold, and supplant it with some other anointment: olive oil, bacon grease, sausage fat—anything except lamb fat, for lamb.

But the sheepshearers loved their greasy food—their favourite stew swam in grease which they sopped with hard bread, or biscuits or corn-bread, so the greatest obstacle to overcome when cooking for the crew was to rearrange the grease factor so that it appeared in their concoctions and disappeared in the Lester's fare. To simplify this arduous process during shearing time, all lamb concoctions were skimmed of their excess fats, and the skimmings were used to make a dreadful dish which the shearers loved and the Lesters let alone, this being a hot sauce. Compounded of rendered lamb fat, chopped onions, crushed dried chili peppers, canned tomatoes and several dashes of every condiment on hand, this defied any nationality for it had to be served piping hot, because of its greasy content, and once laced over food, so nearly disguised the original flavor it became a splendid mask for leftovers, if one had the constitution for it. The rice left from curried lamb and rice could immediately become Spanish Rice. Red beans, otherwise basking in the broth from bacon rind, onions and garlic, promptly became Chili Beans.

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* Originally published in the Autumn 1976 issue of *La Reata,* publication of the Santa Barbara Corral of The Westerners, permission to reprint this article in *Noticias* has been given by the author.—*Ed.*

If one had the heart to completely ruin this sauce by chilling it and skimming off the grease, one could make a very passable Chutney by adding some chopped dried fruits—particularly prunes, peaches, and apricots.

On the rare occasions when such luxuries as canned pineapple and other tropical fruits were available in sufficient quantity to allow for dabbling with, some might be allowed in the Chutney, but these were otherwise reserved for fruit cocktails, desserts, jelly or sauces for the myriad varieties of puddings assembled from odds and ends of bread, cornmeal, rice, potatoes, carrots, squash, bananas, and the whole thing tied into a muslin sack and either boiled or steamed into servitude.

The business of sauces, about the only thing aside from desserts one could get frivolous with, broadened from the original Hot Sauce/Chutney combination to the "King's" favourite Sauce Bernaise. Instead of the required eggs and butter added at the last, the "King" learned to be quite satisfied with a judicious amount of margarine, canned milk and some cornstarch for thickness. Probably the most successful of all the sauces was the one known as the "Queen's." This started with pan drippings and flour, browned and enough hot water to make a paste; then one added a spoon or so of brown sugar or maple syrup, honey, or anything else sweet. A sprinkle of salt and sage or similar herb; then more hot water and perhaps some broth or some red wine to make the required amount of liquid for the sauce. This rather piquant concoction was good on anything and, when added to leftover lamb for hash, was a superb blender.

Chicken eggs, purchased by the crate, were reserved for delicate recipes with little seasoning to disguise the flavor, and also for breakfasts. Otherwise, the eggs from "Mother Goose," a holiday present to the children from George Knowlton, were relied upon. (Such eggs are extremely mucous and impossible to whip lightly, but for bulk and texture they are superb where their use is restricted to "binding ingredients.") The eggs of sea birds, regularly brought to the Island by Robert Ord, were used extravagantly in any recipe requiring spices and condiments. These eggs, small like those of the bantam or quail and thin-shelled, made up a large portion of the egg consumption when the crated eggs ran out.

Whether in New England or on San Miguel, Friday was "fish day." If, by some happenstance of weather, fresh fish did not appear, courtesy of the friendly fishermen, who were glad to exchange their ware for something else—almost anything else, if it were hot and ready to eat—Friday became "mock fish" day. Mock fish came to the table in various forms: creamy macaroni and cheese, clam fritters with bacon, salmon loaf, fish and potato croquettes, Welsh Rarebit with sardines or Cheese Fondue. This erratic departure in diet only prevailed in the absence of the sheep-shearers, who would have none of this wispy fare. If they could not gnaw it, crunch it, or let it linger savoringly and scorchingly on their tongues, it was not suitable fare.

When supplies did arrive, by whatever means, and a new complement of stores temporarily vanquished that old devil fear of inadequate diet, the "Queen" was to be found in the pantry and drying room where she carefully sorted out the perishables from the staples and stored each in its own province. Large crocks with tight-fitting lids held the ingredients of future delights, safe from the gluttony of rodents. Ample tables in the drying room were used to spread out the vegetables and fruits, which must be checked and turned regularly to avoid spoilage. The meats hung in their own department and were almost exclusively the province of the "King," an excellent butcher and curer.

As the citrus fruits were used, their rinds were dried, candied, and turned into another delicacy. Grated orange and lemon rind, sugared into a tincture, were used in place of vanilla when possible, for syrup base and for punch. Candied peel relieved the absense of formerly enjoyed confections, and was an addition to the fruit cakes and puddings. Added to raisins and nuts and blended with honey, candied peel made a toothsome spread for "tea sandwiches" and for cake fillings, or Banbury Tarts.

The "Queen of San Miguel," under the firm and gentle tutelage of the "King," earned her honors from the day she stepped forth into the kitchen of Rancho Rambouillet and faced a bewildering set of circumstances, a crew of hungry strangers and the distinct feeling that she was on stage with an act she hadn't rehearsed. Whether it was truly cookery or "crookery" that won her applause as she built her fumbling experiences, she, with her modest skill and tremendous enthusiasm, made the kitchen of the old ranch a warm, hospitable and memorable place to be—almost exclusively for men—a rare tribute from a rare breed.

La Cumbre

Dick Smith's Back Country

In February of this year Dick Smith died suddenly at age 56. A man of varied talents, Dick was best known to most of us as a conservationist and naturalist, and his love for the Santa Barbara back country was as intense as his indignation over any threat to its integrity. In his memory we offer here an adaptation of a lecture he gave at the Covarrubias Adobe on October 3, 1973, before a group of Historical Society Museum interpreters.

It is a pleasure to be here. It is a pleasure to know that there are people willing to take some time to help keep history alive, to interpret the history of the land for the new people who come. I have become very much interested, as the years have gone by, in just how difficult it is to maintain some of the historic contacts and records, and it is very disturbing to seek to trace something and finally come to a dead end when you can't go back any further. Any of you who have tried to trace your family back, and have run into a lost book or a burned church or something like that, will be able to understand.

And here we have an entire community that was fortunate in being well chronicled in its Spanish period when record keeping was very exacting and everything was written down on paper. After the separation from Spain in 1822 there were some problems; and then we got into the American period, and the great loss, of course, came with the baking of bread in Monterey when it is said they used a lot of the original records to start the fires. A lot of the land grants that they recorded—albeit they weren't accurately recorded because they didn't have the grid system on the land, but they did know what tree, what valley, etc.—were just destroyed. And of course there were some serious attempts on the part of the newcomers to take over land, and there were cultural differences.

I think that one of the things we have to understand when talking about background and the past is basic cultural difference. The people who came here from Mexico to colonize the land we now see, weren't very many. I think, if my memory is right, that between 1769 and 1822, when Mexico separated from the Spanish crown, there were fewer than fifty land grants in all of California. Now that was not very many, so by the time 1849 and 1850 rolled around, whatever new concepts there were, whatever new land developments there were, were by the sons who wanted to expand a little bit or by the foreigners who got here before Americanization, before the United States took over, who saw fit to marry one of those Spanish girls with sparkling black eyes and become a member of the community.

But they didn't have the same attitude: they sought to expand and develop the land, and of course we know this problem; we are all built

that way. Even though we say in Santa Barbara that we would like to see a lot of development arrested, we still feel that there has to be some normal growth, or there is the argument that we can't continue to live unless we expand 10% each year, and so on. And so that is a real difference in cultural base, and that cultural base just broke something in half as far as history is concerned, so when we talk about the history of old California we really have to scratch through the records. A man by the name of Bancroft really did the biggest job: the missions were forgotten, sold off, some of them just disintegrated.

The Franciscans who founded the missions were forced to abandon them because of secularization and many fell into ruins. Pueblo lands were altered in their ownership. Some of the mission records fell into the hands of the families of Spanish descent, or from Mexico, who were fascinated by these records and hung on to them.

So along came Bancroft and decided that he'd better collect these things, all kinds of manuscripts, all kinds of books and ledgers and records and things of that sort, and he began to work on them—he was a brilliant historian fascinated by what he was finding here, and so, with all of that, in order to interpret these things they had to be translated. Even today a good many of the manuscripts have not been translated.

I would like to give you a very simple example: the U.S. Forest Service has a general attitude against burning of the brush. The early people in this area, the people of Spanish and Mexican descent, and some of the wiser people in agronomy, say the land should be burned, and botanists will tell you the plants are here because they have been burned, and the history of the plant structure shows that there has been continual burning, whether by natural or human causes. But the Forest Service clings to the fact that Father Crespi did not mention that the Indians burned the land off. Well, that's because of the translation. You know that if you are going to translate an entire manuscript there is a lot of superfluous material, but superfluous only to your point of view. What do you consider when you get tired and you are working on something, and somebody wants you to write something down? You will write down those salient facts you think are important to the issue at hand. So who cared about the botanical realities at the time these things were translated? Who was concerned about whether or not the Indians burned? It was an incidental thing and consequently was not translated, so the Forest Service says the Indians never burned the land and can prove it because it is not in the translated version of Crespi's diary.

We can go all the way back to the Bible for things like that; we know about all the problems in the translating of the Bible from one language to another. So mistakes of this sort are endless, and we set up an entire new culture based quite often on a misinterpretation of an old one, and find some serious mistakes.

This morning, to give you a really good feel for this land and an understanding of some of its historic import, I would like to take you

on a trip. I was thinking in somewhat romantic terms, when I was thinking of this group, that maybe we should discuss history as if some of the elements of history were like fallen leaves—the leaves fall and if they are caught before they completely disintegrate we might have a record of how they were on the plant, and so a lot of our historic records are like fallen leaves: some of them have turned to dust and some of them are no longer interpretable unless we find a new method of analysis.

But for the present there are lots of fallen leaves and that's what historians are searching for. Maybe the animals could tell us: the birds that are in this area, the insects and animals that have always been here; they are the true natives because we don't know if there were ever any truly indigenous peoples here. As we go back in time to the Indians, we find that most of them travelled here from somewhere else. I was listening on the radio this morning to somebody telling about the city of Mexico. A group of people who started from somewhere in Arizona finally moved down and they had this legend of the serpent and the cactus and the eagle holding the serpent. So they came from America to go to Mexico, and we feel that maybe a lot of the Indian population here moved from Alaska on down, and probably had come from the European continent through Siberia, but we don't know, we really don't know; those leaves have disintegrated.

Now some of the recordings are subtle things, they are physical, like the old mission dam. There is a dam in Rattlesnake Canyon, now a city park. If you look closely in this area you will find remnants of tiles; the little bit of reddish material is actually a baked tile on top of this dam, which was used as a sort of weir: it forced the water through an aqueduct or what have you, but they had a simpler name for it in Spanish —a *canoa,* or *las canoas.* Do you know where Las Canoas Road is? Walk up above Las Canoas Road onto somebody's property and you are apt to find a long row of rocks at the surface or just below; lift up a rock and you will find a handmade tile, the kind that were made over a thigh [*sic*]. They are there—most of those tiles are still in place. They went from Rattlesnake Canyon, around Las Canoas and on over into the Mission Canyon grade, which was the east and west forks of Pedregosa Creek. And so the people who came here after the American colonization said, "Well, that's the creek that goes by the mission, therefore it is Mission Creek." But it is Pedregosa Creek—we have to remember the origin; so Pedregosa is the name of the creek, and we made those changes through simplification because of Americanization.

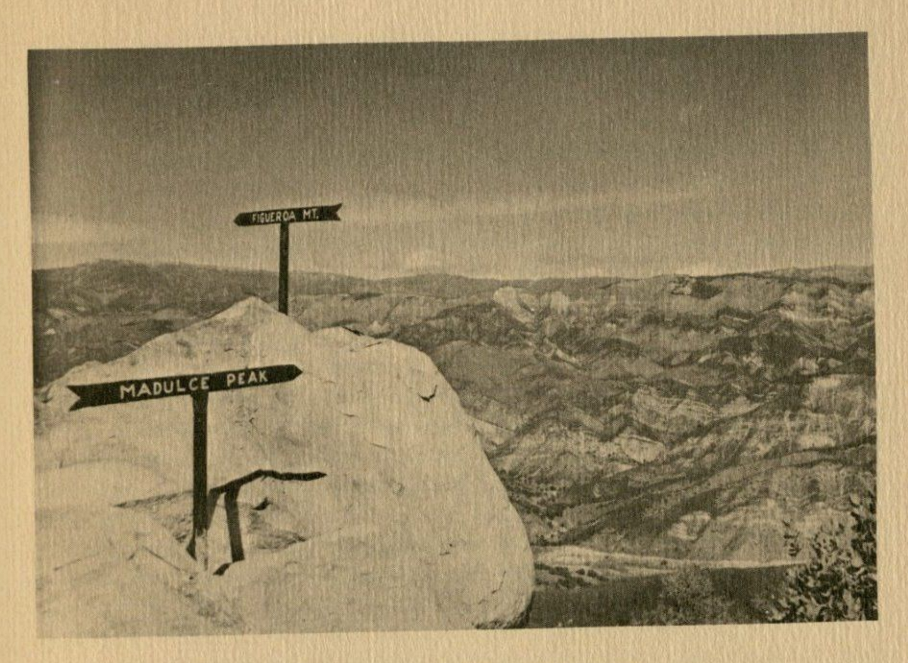
Now most of what we see in Santa Barbara is pretty well covered over, but if you climb to the top of the Santa Ynez Mountains—the range directly behind us to the north—you can look out over the vastness of Santa Barbara County. Santa Barbara County is truly a very, very large county, extremely large, and about 41% of it is uninhabited, and has never really felt the hands of man, particularly from the prehistory standpoint or the current history standpoint, and there is a very simple reason

for that. We still have lots of land, although we are becoming very much concerned about the development of that land. The front country still has a lot of open area, and in the days of the Spanish colonials there was plenty of land, and no one would run cattle on the most beautiful ranges in the back country, for a very simple reason: how would you get those animals to market?

If you went that far back, it took so long to get them to market that you would lose the value of being back there, as long as there was plenty of grass in the front country and not too many people. So the vast ranchos were on the Santa Barbara front and in the Santa Ynez Valley where they had access to the sea, where they could make their tallow and strip the hides, and dry them and pile them up. There are a few places out from Lompoc, overlooking the sea, where you can still find the giant kettles in which they made the tallow. The giant kettles on the Jalama Ranch are still in place on a hill.

Some of the land was utilized much later. Long after the original settlement by the Spanish colonials, the Americans who came here in the 1850s were very busy in the front country, but they walked and rode up into the Mono and Indian Creek areas, brushy, rough country which provided a place for the more adventurous *Americanos* who did not mind living alone. At first there were problems with the Indians and those problems persisted. We don't have very many tales in this area about Indian revolts but we did have them, and it was not safe to live alone in the back country. It is probable that the earliest settlers built only a shelter or cook shack as proof of the homestead and lived in town. When it was time for the roundup, the cook shack was often the only place to meet and cook, so the helpers would be told to "Meet me at my *rancho,*" a meeting or eating place.

When you are thinking in terms of names it's awfully hard to know where names come from, such as Madulce Peak. When I first came here and started going into the mountains on foot and on horseback, I was intrigued by Madulce. What is Madulce? Someone said that they felt they had to give it a Spanish name because they had heard that the Spaniards collected strawberries up there, and they liked strawberries and this was a nice place, and so they decided to give it the Spanish name for strawberry. It can be applied also not only to a fruit but to a sweet, a condiment of some kind. So you can't just say that *madulce* comes from the Spanish term for strawberry, not even from a Californio term or an Indian term for strawberry. But if you were an American out in the field as a surveyor and you had a Californio helper with you and you got to Madulce Peak, and it was called Strawberry Peak by the early Americans, and you got up there and your dictum was to make some changes and to get these things back to some good Spanish names out of consideration for the cultural heritage of Santa Barbara County, then this was truly the dictum, because Robert O. Easton remembers hearing this when he gave the surveyors some space on his rancho, the Sisquoc. They had a tent there, and they were trying to put some Spanish names back.



Cross trails to the wilderness

Remember, the Spaniards didn't name any mountains because they weren't interested in the mountains. Any mountain with pines on it was Mount Piños. There are lots of Mount Piños in this area. They weren't concerned because they knew what they were talking about; there weren't that many. So let's go back to the surveyor and his Californio helper. They are on top of the mountain, it's June or July, and they look down and see some strawberries—small plants with nice strawberries on them, and this is the typical small California strawberry. They are small, but he picks one and hands it to his Californio friend, who speaks Spanish but also English. He hands him the strawberry, and says, "What do you say about this?" And so the Californio picks up the strawberry, he bites into it, and says, "Ah, muy dulce!" (Very sweet). And so the American doesn't really catch that this is an expression, and so he puts it down as a nominal situation; he says, "That's the name of the mountain. I have named it Spanish for Strawberry Peak." And he probably never knew the difference. So it's still Madulce, and nobody knows why.

Through many little areas the trail opens up into blue sky in some places, into heavily wooded oaks where the Indians gathered acorns in others, and you move on to different vistas over or through a *portesuello*. We have a street named that here and there, and of course it doesn't really apply to some of the streets. If you go over a mountain pass, you have an opening into a new area, or you are going through a new view—you get a new view or a view of a new piece of land, or basically you

are going from one watershed into another. You cross the *portesuello*. There are many old trails that have the Californio name *portesuello*. It means you take this *portesuello* over into another area, you go from Indian Creek over a *portesuello* and look into the Santa Cruz Creek range. So at the apex of any rise where there is a hollow over which you can put a trail, this would be a *portesuello*.

Typical of the trees where water shows are alders, and from a long distance away you can find water by looking at the alders—looking down into canyons you can see where springs are, and you always find some sort of development at springs.

John Charles Frémont was one of the early collectors of plants. The Spaniards did put some names on plants; Father Crespi gave some early names. A few others of the early explorers of the colonial period did do some naming, but the categorizing that we know today was done from Frémont on, and a lot of plants are named for him, the most spectacular being the Fremontia in bloom in the fall. Also, I don't know what the Spaniards used for tea, but I'm sure they used a plant that looks as if it might be a member of the pine family, called "Mormon tea." It does warm and good things to the stomach. It has a mild form of therapeutic value, as tea or coffee might, but it's truly wonderful. Then, of course, we get down to the horrible reality: one of the real goodies about this plant is that if you cut it open you find that in the hollows of the stems there are millions of little worms end on end all through, and this is probably what makes the tea good. It's a high protein tea, anyway.

We live in a very pleasant, mild subtropical climate typical of the Mediterranean band that goes around the entire globe. When somebody says we have a Mediterranean climate, we do. We have the same plant structure you find in Greece, the same plant structure you find in any Mediterranean land. We have the same problems, the same fire problems. They solved their fire problems by goat herds, but they got erosion as a result. Thousands and thousands of years of learning and experience, but I have yet to know of a land management person in this area who has gone to the Mediterranean to study the specific effects they have created there, on which we could apply some action.

Big Pine Mountain does get some snow: it is almost 7000 feet high and is 19 miles from where we stand right now. The temperature will be 10° above zero in winter and you will be able to look out and see Santa Barbara and the islands and everything else. Truly phenomenal.

There are some strange oddities: there happens to be a rock known as Castle Rock—it's a small peak at the end of a little transverse range between the Sierra Madres at the top of the County and the San Rafaels in the middle of the County; those are the mountains directly behind Lake Cachuma. This area is behind that. It was known by a group of people who had a religious background, and they called it Mount Sinai, and hence there came a long, long discussion in many areas about the Mormons who once lived in the Manzana and Sisquoc areas, but there isn't any truth to

the fact of their being Mormons. They had a Judaic diet and they believed in healing by the laying on of hands. They travelled into their country over trails—they had to in order to get into country that was livable and usable but that wasn't already taken because all the front country was gone. People after the Civil War came West looking for land they could homestead. Those who were more courageous came to California because they heard it was so great. They found that almost all the best land was gone. The Dibblees, Hollisters, Bixbys had preceded them with thousands of head of sheep and purchased thousands of acres of land from the Californios. Consequently, it is while traveling through the mountains that you will once in a while find a little flat valley with traces of these early settlers.

As you travel you will find some interesting patterns. The ground cover in this country is truly fascinating at different times of the year. I don't want to talk too much about botany, but we have lots of little tiny plants that the Forest Service refers to as "fores." They just lump anything that blossoms and is pretty under the term "fores," small flowering plants, primarily annuals, not grasses.

Has California always been golden? Probably not, because much of what was golden in California was wild oats. I can remember my friend, young Bob Easton, who went to the Mediterranean a few years ago and got excited because he saw some almost identical wild oats and he stuck them in an envelope and sent them back to me with a note saying these were almost identical with our California wild oats. I took them over to a botanist friend and said, "Can you identify this?" and he said, "Yes, that's a wild oat, probably from Figueroa Mountain." I said, "Well, no, it's from right near the Parthenon." "But it's the same thing," he said, "how do you suppose it got here!" It came with the first cattle, and the first animals that were unloaded. Not until 1769 did we start covering our land with wild golden oats.

Wheat Peak was where Hiram Preserved Wheat had a homestead. Hiram was a man who started out somewhere in Illinois after the Civil War, moved to Kansas, didn't make it as a homesteader and went on to San Luis Obispo where he was a laborer. But he was a man who had a gift, the laying on of hands: if someone had a headache, it was said, Hiram could put his hands on his head and his hands would swell up and the headache would go. Little by little people began to gather around Hiram because he was a man of dignity, had a great big beard, and was a fine gentleman. He married a girl from San Luis Obispo and gathered his little group around him and they decided they would try to get behind the Sisquoc Ranch.

The Gutierrez family allowed them to go on through and they moved in at the juncture of the Manzana and the Sisquoc, where Hiram built a house. It was not much of a house, and it had a very poor fireplace, but he and his wife begat children. The daughters were very good looking girls and in the 1880's and early 1890's one by one these

girls began to get married. There were a few other people in that area: the Davis families—there were three Davises in that area. There were some people from Germany, Adolf and Herman Willman who moved up a ways. Now those of you who were here during the Wellman fire would probably not connect the name with Willman, the original name. Adolf had a big field and it was on that field that an airplane crashed and started the Wellman fire.

Among the settlers in that area who followed after Hiram Wheat was "Whispering Ed" Forester. I understand they called him "Whispering Ed" because he was loud and very profane—a very nice man but he just could not help himself. He was one of twenty-one settlers.

There is little or nothing left of Calvin Davis' place today, but his well has been redug. Thirty-four feet down you will find a good source of water, and a young sculptor by the name of John Cody has purchased the land even within the National Forest and within the San Rafael Wilderness, and he has constructed a house and two or three buildings and is driving in and out on an old dirt road and defying all the rules and regulations of the forest, but he has his rights because he purchased private land, and he lives in this magnificent setting, John, his wife, and two children.

There are some lovely areas where you can camp, where the National Forest allows you to go in on trails and look over the area that was once well occupied, and you begin to wonder why it is not occupied today; how did it turn into a different kind of land? Did a disastrous weather change or a big snow storm or something like that come along and wipe these people out? Not at all. It was the aggressiveness of the ranchers who said, "We can't afford to have people up above us; we have national forest behind us and there are twenty-one properties up there and we have 45,000 acres and we'd better get rid of these little homesteaders." So they offered to buy the homesteaders out, and, you know, people who have left San Luis Obispo and spent their time and raised their children in a backwoods place are pretty hard to move. They don't want to leave, but what can you do when men close a ranch and say, "You may not go down the river to Santa Maria." You can't get your produce out, you can't bring supplies back. You go up the Tepusquet to Colson Canyon, down Horse Canyon, on horseback and only with packings to get your materials into your properties.

Now Hiram Wheat made gloves; the finest gloves you could make out of deer skin. He sold them in Santa Maria in the 1880's for $1 a pair. Fabulous gloves! Others raised a few potatoes. Adolf Willman raised grapes, but he was not a good grape man, he was not a good winemaker, so he went to Jean Libeu of Zaca Lake. He would send his boy over on horseback to tell Libeu the grapes were ready, and Libeu would come over the mountain down the Manzana, up the Sisquoc, to get to Willman's place, and they would set the wine in big casks and get it going and then when it was ready to bottle Libeu would come back and take half the bottles to his place at Zaca Lake.

One day, at one point on that old trail, I poked my head into a hollow log—it was still standing, dead, but it had a little hollow in it—and I looked in there and down at the bottom there was a bottle. It was an 1855 Irish whisky bottle, hand-blown in a wooden mold and still perfect, and I pulled it out of there and put it in my saddle bag and ever since then I have told myself that Jean Libeu, on his way back to Zaca Lake, headed up the Sulphur Creek trail, tested some of his fresh wine, finished the bottle off and stuck it in that tree. It had to have been stuck there a long time ago because you just don't find these early bottles that easily.

Prehistory, or we'll say geological history, shows that there are some very interesting earthquake faults, such as the Big Pine fault, which you can see from the La Cumbre Peak if you look over there. In the wintertime it is fascinating: you can drive up to La Cumbre when there's a little snow on the ground and see the vastness of this magnificent County and the geological past.

The Sisquoc is one of the rivers that feeds Santa Maria and is an interesting river in itself because it is not dammed. There aren't very many rivers or streams left that are not dammed at some point, and yet the Sisquoc flows into the Santa Maria River below Tepusquet Dam and goes on out to the sea, and when we get a good heavy rain we get steelhead up the Sisquoc, the last place the steelhead can run. Steelhead are found once in a while, and this year is one of them, when you go across Mission Creek at State and look down and on a good stormy winter day, if the river is running very fast, you'll see steelhead right there. I have a son who lives on Alamar and he caught three steelhead this year from his back door.

Some country can go on forever unchanged. We don't know how long it will maintain itself this way, but this is the land as the Indians saw it; there are some introduced grasses, a few introduced plants, but for the most part, as you look at this land—the little opening areas, the little meadowlands below, and the trees—it is pretty much structured as it has been for several thousand years, and it is truly wonderful to see some of this country before it gets a final change. We worry now that the Forest Service doesn't want to burn, that they *must* do something to control the brush. They created the brush: the Forest Service began its pressures in 1900, and they said fires were bad, so we had better not let them happen.

Well, now, for how long can you save fuel that keeps regenerating itself year after year after year, until you have a truly explosive situation? That's why we have a fire problem in Southern California—we saved our fuel and I would say this is comparable to taking every night's newspaper and putting it on the back porch for a period of fifty years and hoping to heaven nobody smokes because you have the back porch loaded with highly incendiary dry paper. That will be done with our national forests, our brush lands. Nature causes a burn every seventeen years and, do you know, this year the Forest Service made an overlay map to show where fires start and fires go out. And do you know where fires go out? When they hit a burn that's seventeen years back. That was the average. It

will burn until it runs into an old burn that has not burned for about seventeen years, then the fire dies out and not before. We found you cannot put out a forest fire or a brush fire—you can put out the start of one, but if it's burning today it's going to go until the weather changes or until it hits an old burn. So now the Forest Service is concerned with altering the vegetative cover. Now who wants to replace all the plants that have been here for hundreds of thousands of years with some other kind of plant from some other part of the world? It just can't happen and it won't happen and it won't work.

There is a meadow way out in the Santa Cruz Range which leads down to Cachuma Dam, but this natural meadow is called by the name of the man who obviously must have settled there and had a little place there. He had a Spanish name, he was obviously of Mexican-Spanish background, he was a Californio. He went up into the Santa Cruz, he went past the Romo property (the Romo brothers were the ones who worked for the Bishop Land Company; one of the family still works for the company that bought the Corona del Mar Ranch in Goleta, and their antecedents had gone up into the Santa Cruz) .

In 1922 the Forest Service built a nice modern 3-room house for their people and now they say it's a wreck: they don't need it, they don't want it, it has no historical value. Where does history begin, where does history end, and where does our responsibility begin and end to maintain history? The house is built on top of the place that was built by "old Marlo." I must have been thinking of ghosts of Christmas past because I couldn't find any Marlowes in Santa Barbara, but then I found Marlo—it didn't occur to me to look for a Spanish name. Old Marlo lived on the other side of Madulce and there he had a house, a lean-to with a good chimney in it. When he died, Tom Dinsmore and his boy Gus moved in—some of you remember Gus Dinsmore; he died last year. Gus and his sister lived in this area, and Gus said he was very much offended when the Forest Service tore the lean-to down and built this house for their people in 1922.

Now the Forest Service says that has no historic value and has got to go. I say it has historic value because it was built in 1922 very early during the Forest Service period, and I want that building saved. It isn't hurting anybody, it could be repaired. I have offered to repair it—in fact I *have* repaired it, and I'll tell you why. We came in on horseback with a pack animal and we tied to the three remaining posts of that porch. We unpacked the horse and the mule and put the material inside, and then we took the animals out and let them graze a while in hobbles and then at night we thought, "Well, this is a strange place for the animals and we had better secure them again to the three posts." And wouldn't you know, out came the posts and down came the porch and we had to spend the whole day putting that little porch back. Luckily we found some nails and a hammer in the tool shed. Well, I do feel a great concern—the Forest Service has a practical view and they say there is no such thing as history. They have a ten-year turnover of their files, and at the end of ten years the files go into a locked box and are sent to San Francisco.

Zaca Lake has been part of Santa Barbara's back country for thousands of years. This is a very ancient lake with a spring-fed source. It is said to be bottomless although it is 48 to 50 feet deep with sulfurous water which kills the animal life every few years when it loses its oxygen. It has never been in public hands; it's probably as good as it is today because it has been owned privately. The Libeus had it, they homesteaded it. Mitchell came and bought the Juan y Lolita area in the Santa Ynez Valley, and he also bought this little place as a place to ride. Finally the Jacksons picked it up and they maintained a small resort in there and built it up a little bit better than it had been with some cabins, and a locked gate. You really had to work hard to go there because it was planned for privacy. Today Zaca Lake is threatened by developers. Some people say that the developers seek to really exploit this, a little area, with a tiny lake, and they want to put in 500 camp sites—that's 1500 people around there every weekend! Well, it wouldn't last. [The current capacity of the resort in May, 1977 is 75 people. Ed.]

The wilderness signs represent in effect an attempt to protect what remains of old California, generally untainted land, to put it into our national wilderness system. Wilderness buffs are all over; people who want to experience the wilderness are coming into our wilderness area in such great numbers that they are in effect virtually destroying it, and if we didn't have a fire closure season, the San Rafael Wilderness would probably be worn out and we would be restricting the numbers. It has been determined that within the next five years the foresters will have to restrict the number of people per day who go into this land—we have come to that, when even the wild back country has to be protected from people who only want to walk the land, because when they walk the land they don't care what they leave behind them. They can carry in their lunch but they can't carry out cans and rubbish.

Some of the things you can find in the wilderness where there are no trails are fantastic ledges and rocks and truly marvelous country. There are snakes of all kinds: there are rattlesnakes but you don't see sidewinders, although people claim they do, and you see two different varieties of gopher snake, the Sonoran and the standard Pacific gopher snake. Then there are red racers and blue racers. There is a coral pink snake but it is not poisonous.

The term "*potrero*" means open meadow land, land where you can pasture animals, etc., with natural openings in the brush cover, and the reasons for this are that the soils are different: there is a different texture to the soil, a different depth and different alkalinity and acid standard in that soil. The Forest Service for years has sought to clear off the brush and seed the land with perennial grasses only to find that little by little the brush comes back, because brush grows where brush is and grass grows because of the meadow lands, and unless you alter the soil you don't alter the vegetation. Million of dollars of the taxpayers' money is spent in this abortive attempt to alter the California landscape, which I particularly feel is fine with me the way it is.

We have mountain streams of all kinds, such as the Middle Sisquoc, which are wonderful places for fly fishing, and it is here where you will occasionally get steelhead trout, unable to continue their life cycle by returning to the sea. Because we have broken the life processes all over California, we have fisheries, and we plant rainbow trout every week in the lakes and streams. The fishermen go to catch these planted trout and take the fish that are catchable and hungry so they make easy fishing.

From some of these high mountain vistas you see little or no development by man, and you often wonder, what is all this big hassle about the environment? Well, the truth of the matter is that in Santa Barbara we need all the back country in order to turn on our taps, because in 1898—historically recorded—the city council of Santa Barbara said we had pumped out the Santa Barbara ground water resources. We needed more water from other areas in order to continue to go on as we had been, and so they started to dig a tunnel in Mission Canyon in the mountains underneath La Cumbre Peak; and they were going to dig a tunnel over to the Santa Ynez River and run water through it, but because they found a flow of 25 million gallons of water a day in that tunnel, they didn't even finish the tunnel.

It wasn't until 1920 that Gibraltar Dam was completed, and here we are in 1973 with the same dam that was needed in 1898 supplying 98% of Santa Barbara's water, and we're in trouble. We're getting some water from Cachuma in theory, but we haven't used it: for years we have sold water that the city of Santa Barbara has needed to Goleta, and Goleta used it and then two years ago we told Goleta they couldn't have it because we had to have it because we were repairing the dam, so we didn't give Goleta the water and Goleta was in trouble. There were stories in the paper, just night before last, explaining some of the problems Goleta faced, by somebody explaining how Goleta had overbuilt in regard to its water resources. Goleta overbuilt on Santa Barbara's share of Cachuma water. Santa Barbara needs more water in order to maintain itself in the future —Gibraltar will silt in by the year 2000, and that is not too many years from now, and we have not one plan on the books for a new dam. Therein lies a real problem. We will probably never be able to afford Feather River water or accept it. It is still in a highly contested situation.

In the inner San Rafael Range is what is commonly known as Hurricane Deck, because of the way the wind blows. It was a place to which the Indians from the valley, who were being pushed by white development, moved. They settled all along an area eleven miles long, under the most miserable circumstances and survived. And when these areas were found in 1935 the baskets were there—some of them were sealed into holes and mudded over, the grain they had gathered still in the baskets, so it hadn't been very long.

The Cuyama is part of Santa Barbara history and yet we don't really tie in with its history as well as we should. I have been doing quite a bit of research on the history of the Cuyama and it is truly

fascinating to know how people moved there, how they came back and forth. There were early developments, and we do have some ties: one of our former mayors, Judge Rickard, came from a family that had a land grant there, and then there was the Lataillade land grant, Cuyama No. 2, and those were major land grants of the Mexican period. The Cuyama River begins on Mount Piños in Kern County, sweeps on down through a big flat valley—it's a very dry valley, extremely dry, and we have one community there in Santa Barbara County known as New Cuyama, constructed in 1950 by the Richfield Oil Company, as an entirely new town. The field was pumped out and absolutely worthless to Richfield at the beginning of last year, and they sold it to a woman who tried a big development out there, but she can't get water to make a lake to create recreation facilities.

The persistence of fires throughout this land threatens the front country and threatens the back country, and I would just like to put in a word here: when we see in the paper a statement about a devastating forest fire, the one thing we always read about is the destruction of the watershed; it is a change in the metamorphosis of the land, an alteration for the moment of the nature of the land. The plain of Santa Barbara, the flats of Goleta, all the Santa Ynez Valley and all the Santa Maria Valley, directly resulted from this. Fires in the mountains and the ensuing rainfall and washing down of sediment and soils into canyons form flats. We can't say that we are here and that nothing should change from now on—we have to live with change; that's a historian's reality. Things change regardless, and this is what fire does in California. Frightening as it is and as destructive as it is to man-made objects, it isn't destructive to nature. If man wants continuing resurgence of natural values, he has got to allow for flood and fire and earthquake, even though he is terrorized by them. We live on this earth as the result of those very dramatic changes.

A Case of Mistaken Identity

By JOAN PERKAL and JOHN DEWAR*

The Presidio of Santa Barbara is as important for what has remained of it as for what it once was. Two original structures belonging to the complex—El Cuartel and the Whittaker Adobe—still stand in their original places, although altered over the years according to the needs and tastes of different periods. But they are still there, and this is their significance and value. Otherwise the Presidio would be but another legendary landmark swallowed up by the inevitable urban growth which has eradicated so much of the past now recalled only by the ubiquitous bronze plaque, testament too often of total destruction.

Still, the changes of time have left little remaining to tell the story of how this early Spanish foothold on the California coast appeared. A watercolor of the chapel rendered shortly before its demise, a few early and vague sketches of the "town" and occasional verbal descriptions are about all.

When photography became practical, early California scenes and people were recorded, but probing investigation has, to date, turned up little of the early Presidio. One of the most curious photographs of any part of the Presidio was published in *Santa Barbara, Tierra Adorada; a community history* (Los Angeles, Security-First National Bank, 1930). It shows a portion of a building and a square corner column which were described as part of El Cuartel, or guard's house (Photo No. 1). This, according to the original plan of Goycoechea, would have been on the southwest side of the Presidio quadrangle.

It was during a continuing and purposeful search for any photographic record of the Presidio buildings that a copy of the *Tierra Adorada* photograph turned up. On this photograph someone had written at the bottom, "San Gabriel." A search for an albumin print from the original negative proved fruitless—all archives had only a copy of the original. Fortunately, it was found in conjunction with another early photographic print, taken by Bosco and Penelon, Main Street, Los Angeles, which revealed what appears to be the identical pillar in a corner of an entire adobe building (Photo No. 2).

Clearly this was valuable, if indeed it was really Santa Barbara. On the reverse were hand-written comments suggesting that it was a location

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Photo No. 1. Published in *Santa Barbara, Tierra Adorada* as "part of El Cuartel, or guard's house."

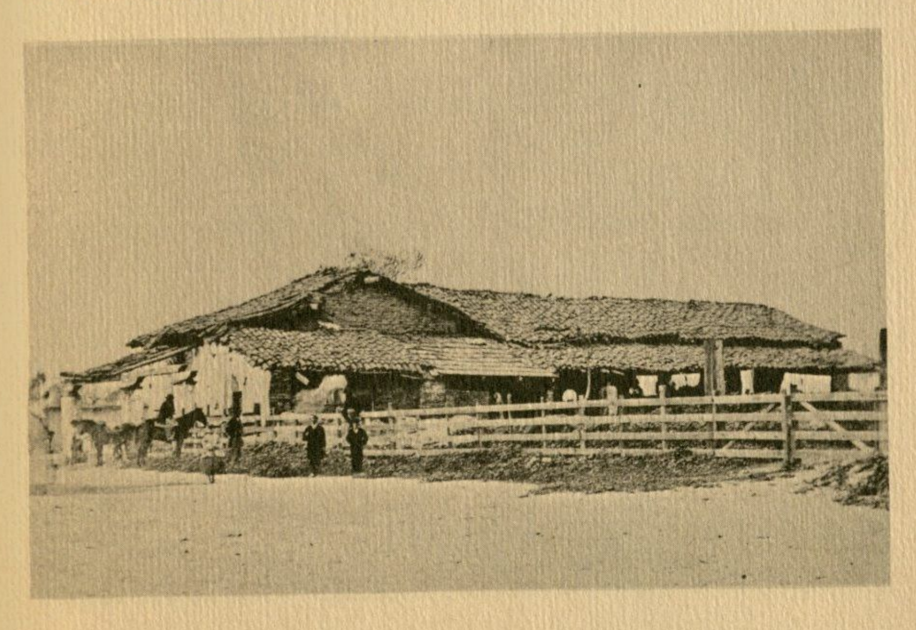


Photo No. 2. "Identical pillar in a corner of an adobe building."

in Los Angeles, about 1870. Still, it seemed plausible that this could be a Santa Barbara building. The use of square columns had been mentioned in descriptions of other buildings here—notably the Guard House at the Mission.

A trip to San Gabriel Mission revealed little that would verify that this was, in truth, a local adobe house. Fortunately, in the gift shop large colored postcards were on sale of the fine early view of San Gabriel Mission which now hangs in the archives at Santa Barbara Mission. Comparing this with a copy of the plan of the original mission complex from Engelhardt testified to the accuracy of the painting. Continuing west from the church and the adjoining building that now houses the museum is a long corridor with square pillars, not all that unusual in mission architecture. Inside the mission compound are bases of square pillars, but as these are far below the original grade of the garden, they seem suspect and spurious, very likely a peculiarity of one of the many restoration projects which have assailed the old structure.

Still, there was no definite proof that the view in the photograph must be San Gabriel. This proof was supplied by subsequent searches through archival photographs which turned up the remarkable view of San Gabriel Mission looking to the west, showing in the distance the unmistakable roof line of the building in question. Intervening walls and pillars had disappeared, but it seemed quite likely that this building was what was left of the southwest corner of the early quadrangle, now a separate building (Photo No. 3).

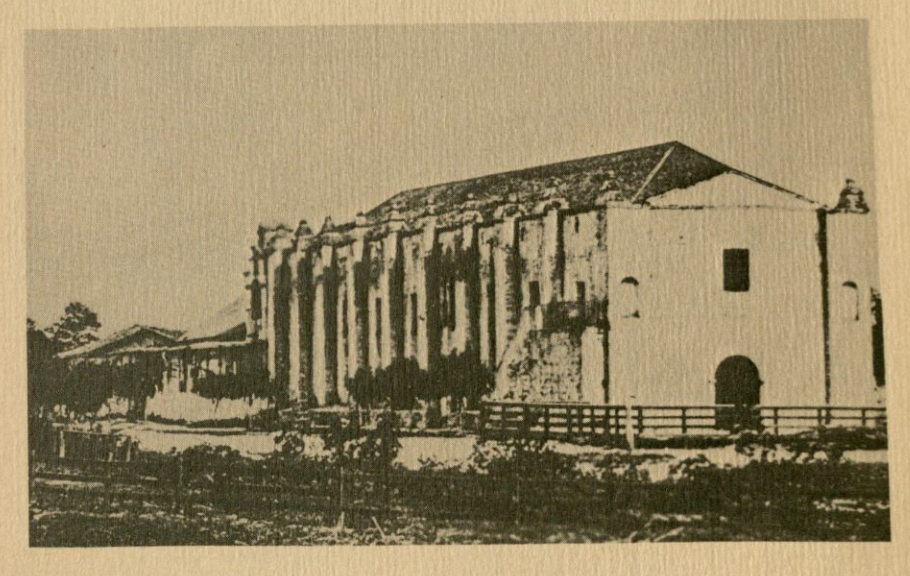


Photo No. 3. "Probably remains of the southwest corner of the early quadrangle, San Gabriel Mission."

Final corroboration came in the book *Eine Blume aus dem Goldenen Lande oder Los Angeles, Prag, 1878,* by Ludwig Salvator, which reproduces a drawing of the building clearly labeled "House in San Gabriel" (Photo No. 4).



Photo No. 4. A drawing of the building labeled "House in San Gabriel."

There remains little doubt now that the *Tierra Adorada* photograph was not that of El Cuartel of the Santa Barbara Presidio, but instead a building of the San Gabriel Mission complex. Disappointing as it is not to have turned up an early photographic record of the Santa Barbara Presidio, it is nonetheless reassuring to know that future restoration will not err through interpretation of a misidentified photograph.

IN MEMORIAM

PAUL G. SWEETSER

In memory of Mr. Paul G. Sweetser, Honorary Director of the Society, who passed away May 11, 1977, the following Resolution was read and adopted by the Board of Directors of the Santa Barbara Historical Society at its meeting on May 26, 1977.

WHEREAS, this Board has received with a deep feeling of sadness the news of the passing of Mr. Paul G. Sweetser, Honorary Director, and

WHEREAS, Mr. Sweetser served the Santa Barbara Historical Society capably and loyally as a Charter Member; its first President in 1932, when it was organized as an Association, serving during the life of the Association; and President again when it became a Corporation, 1943–1945; Secretary from 1946–1967; and again as President in 1968 and 1969, and

WHEREAS, under the leadership of Paul G. Sweetser the Santa Barbara Historical Society Endowment Fund was created for the purpose of conserving the income producing assets of the Corporation and making it possible for gifts and bequests to be made to this irrevocable Trust, and

WHEREAS, Mr. Sweetser served for many years on the Catholic Welfare Bureau, and his dedicated work with the Spanish speaking people has been of inestimable value both to them and to this community, and

WHEREAS, for many years Mr. Sweetser served on the Board of Old Spanish Days and was its President in 1962, and

WHEREAS, he was also a long-time member of the Native Sons, and

WHEREAS, Mr. Sweetser also was Chairman of the Advisory Landmarks Committee for a number of years, and

WHEREAS, the Santa Barbara Historical Society is most grateful for Mr. Sweetser's kindness and willingness over the years in sharing with us his wealth of knowledge of California and Santa Barbara History,

NOW THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that this Resolution be spread upon the minutes of this Society, and

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the Society wishes to express its deep sorrow to the family of Paul G. Sweetser, and that a copy of this Resolution be sent to them.

IN MEMORIAM

FATHER MAYNARD GEIGER, O.F.M.

In memory of Father Maynard Geiger, O.F.M., who passed away May 13, 1977, the following Resolution was read and adopted by the Board of Directors of the Santa Barbara Historical Society at its meeting on May 26, 1977.

WHEREAS, this Board has received with a deep feeling of sadness the news of the passing of Father Maynard Geiger, O.F.M., and

WHEREAS, Father Maynard's scholarly work led his superiors to appoint him archivist and historian of the Province of Santa Barbara, after which his first undertaking was the reclassification of 3,000 original documents, and

WHEREAS, he received a major assignment to the Monterey-Fresno Diocesan for the Canonization of Fray Junipero Serra, and

WHEREAS, in 1958 he received Spain's Cross of Knighthood, Order of Isabel, the Catholic, for his work on the cultural role of Spain in the New World, and

WHEREAS, in 1959 Father Maynard received a Guggenheim Fellowship which permitted him to complete his writings on Fray Junipero Serra, and

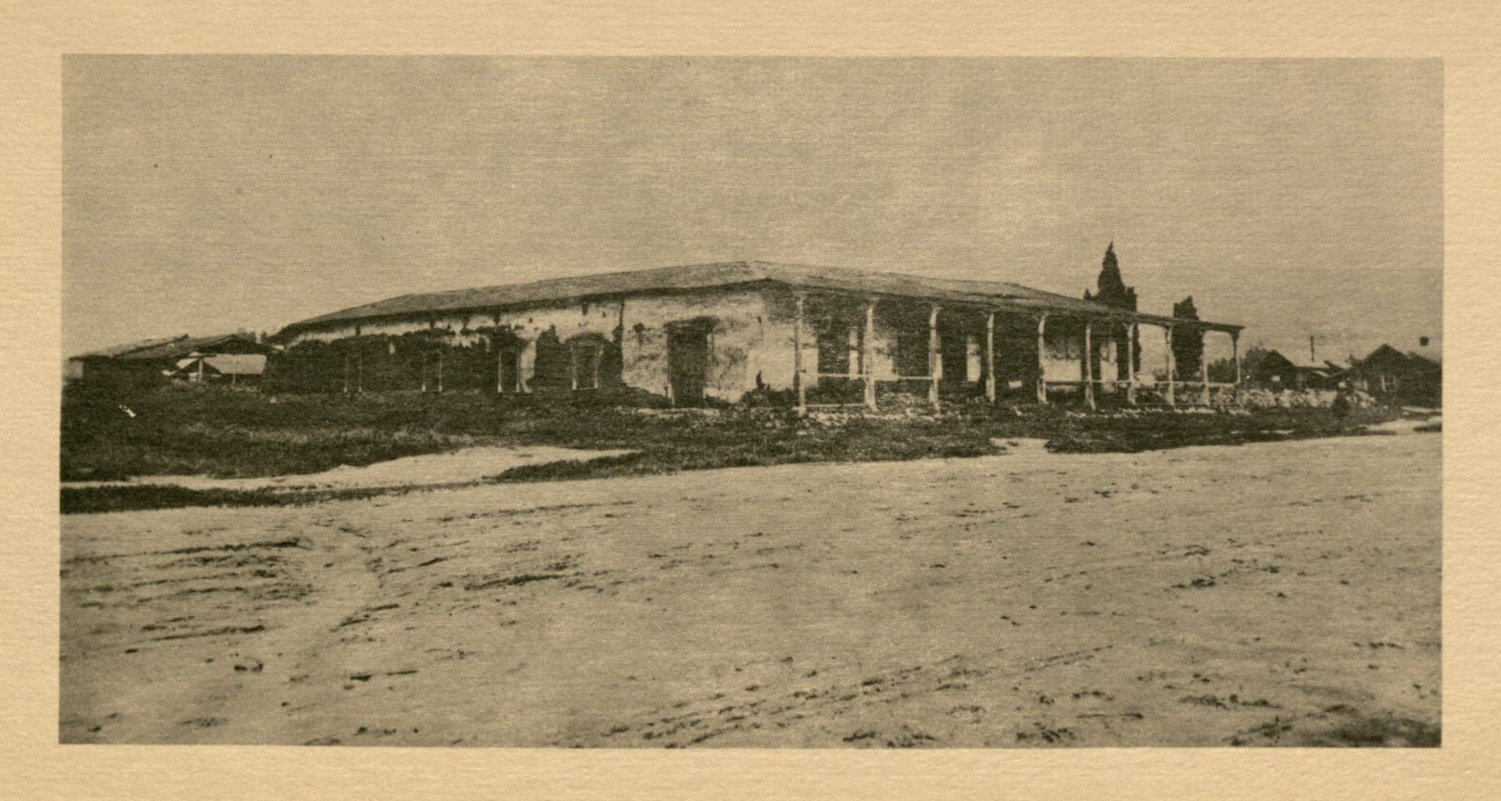
WHEREAS, his years of research were rewarded in 1959 with the publication of his two volume work "The Life and Times of Fray Junipero Serra," and the book won him the Henry R. Wagner Memorial Award in 1960 from the California Historical Society, and

WHEREAS, the three story Library Archives completed at the Old Mission in 1968 will remain a memorial to Father Maynard Geiger, O.F.M., and

WHEREAS, Father Maynard was always happy and willing to share his inexhaustible knowledge of California History with our Society and members,

NOW THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that this Resolution be spread upon the minutes of this Society, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the Society wishes to share in the sorrow of Father Maynard's immediate family and his family at the Old Mission.



"Oh, it was one of the most beautiful adobes that was ever built in Santa Barbara!"

A Santa Barbara Childhood in the 1880's

From the Recollections of Gail Harrison

I came to Santa Barbara as a child in my mother's arms and was born in San Francisco. We came to Santa Barbara because my uncle, Mortimer Cook, had established the first bank here and called it Mortimer Cook's Gold Bank. He built a three-story building and a two-room cottage opposite the Carrillo house on Carrillo Street for my mother and my sisters and me to live in. We were all very free and happy.

Having grown up in California, I didn't know whether I was an Indian or what, because we never had any relatives except Uncle Mortimer Cook, and they went away while I was a little girl, before I was six years old. So I didn't know anything about relatives and my mother was very busy making a living for us and so she never talked about our distinguished past—I call it distinguished. We had a cousin, a Cook, who was an international lawyer, and when I was on one of my jaunts on a few pennies to Paris, we walked the streets of Paris and he told me, "Gail, you have quite an interesting background, and that you have gone into education pleases me no end." He himself was a Yale man and had gone there because of our grandmother Cook's ancestry. He told me this and I began to wake up and decided that I really belonged to something besides air and Santa Barbara and sunshine.

Uncle Mortimer had built us a brick cottage, as he called it, but mother said she thought a cottage was only on one floor but it had an upper story. He at that time had lost the fine property at Sola and Chapala Streets, but he had put all his money into his Gold Bank. He was the first president of the bank. But it all began at the farm in Ohio. He had two very handsome twin brothers, the first born of Jabez and Hannah Cook. He said, "I don't want to be a doctor, I don't want to be a banker like my brothers, I want to see the world. Give me that grey horse and a hundred dollars in gold and I will ride to Mexico. I want to go around the United States." He was always a wanderer. And so his father and mother talked it over and thought that was the right thing to do. But his golden-haired little sister was the one person he most hated to leave, and when she was a widow he rushed to her rescue and brought us to Santa Barbara. He had learned to speak beautiful Spanish and rode up the coast and lost his heart to this beautiful town of Santa Barbara. He came, I think, in '65—about

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This reminiscence has been adapted from an interview done by Edwin Gledhill circa 1959, and is part of the Society's oral history collection.

that time, we'll say [it was 1871—ED.]. He had plenty of money because he had had a wheat farm in Kansas and sold it to great advantage and then made it to San Francisco and Santa Barbara and brought his wife and built the fine old house with the mahogany staircase. My mother came down here with her two eldest girls before I was born and lived with him and rode over the hills—he owned much of the hills now called the Riviera. He built not only the bank building, he built the Clock Building and across the street from the Clock Building two very fine stores, one of them definitely planned as a restaurant. He knew people had to eat and I have all the amusing data. He gave board for $4 a week, 25¢ a meal, with two Chinese cooks and elegant food. He had the grand old Catholic [priest] Father James, and he built a ladies' hallway so they could go privately down the back part of the restaurant, and in the front he would allow the hoi polloi and all the men and women who wanted to eat in the front. And when he left for Washington Territory to make a new fortune, he turned the restaurant over to my mother and my aunt, Nan Cook. They banded together for a year, and they both were so pretty, so charming, that they built up a great business, and it was practically—except for the Raffour House—the only place to eat, with old time American food and everything that was choice.

As I grow up I had no feeling of being ashamed that my mother was sitting on a high chair, a swivel chair (it was very amusing) and we ate most of our meals over at the restaurant. It was called the Central Restaurant, where Newberry's store is now. Then he built a second store—long and about 50 feet wide, I expect, and Mrs. Eaves, the first jeweler besides Mr. Chambers, moved in next door. Mr. Finger had the drugstore which fascinated me with those beautiful great jars of liquid color.

Of course there was great excitement when the Marquis of Lorne brought his bride, the oldest daughter of Queen Victoria, to Santa Barbara on their honeymoon, and they were put up at the Arlington. And the very wonderful, great singer Mrs. Ketchum. She was handsomer than Schumann-Heink but she was of French and English blood, and her mother was the first music teacher in Santa Barbara, Mrs. Reid. She was Grace's first music teacher, and Florence Fernald's and all of them. She said to mother, "I am English and would like to have a reception in this little studio here below the restaurant where I live and I would like to borrow your handsome chairs, Mrs. Harrison." And mother said, "Yes, those are Sloan chairs that I bought in San Francisco and brought with me when I came here to live. They are just alike and please mark the one the Princess sits in, so I can keep it." My sister Grace was ten and I was four, and I was taken up by the Marquise of Lorne and sat upon her lap and was very much overawed and bragged about it through all my days in the primary school: I had sat upon the lap of the daughter of Queen Victoria! So my sister Grace had the first prize, and the chairs were a great joke. Everyone said, "Oh, we must come and sit in the chair of the Princess." I can remember all, my Aunt Nan and everyone, talking about the time the

Princess came and how the vaqueros in front of the Arlington picked up $20 gold pieces and she watched from that historic veranda of the Arlington Hotel.

By 1886 all my friends were going to Miss Oakley's private school; that was after we moved to Chapala Street. Aunt Nan had gone to join Uncle Mortimer in Washington and her two girls had gone with her and mother was still in the restaurant making very good money. And her older daughters felt, well, that it was not right socially, although everyone admired my mother. She always knew the top of the town, and they said, "Oh, you must give it up, you must give it up." So she bought a house on Chapala Street from Judge White, who built the house where Stewart Edward White later lived with his mother up near Charles Edwards. From then on I didn't see so much of my playmates at the school, the public school—they were Lizzie Hernster and Gertrude Diehl, and they were darling friends. But otherwise I did not see them because later mother wanted me to go to dancing school and so forth and I went with my private school friends. The Covarrubias sisters called me "stuck-up, little stuck-up." I was not very tall and I said, "I'm not stuck up, but I can't afford to go to private school but my friends are there, and I'm not stuck up." And I always defended myself. This was Aurora and Yris [Covarrubias].

I have in my mother's diary the truthful statement, "If my older girls didn't pull at me and feel that their social position was being jeopardized by my keeping on with the restaurant during this boom, I could pay for the house instead of taking a mortgage on it." But both she and I were loaded with the mortgage until I went to college. And she said, "Gail is too young to care. Her social position seems assured. So now I'm selling the restaurant and will take boarders." And it was those happy days when interesting people came from Boston, New York, and Maine and spent the winter with us. The Grinnells of the great water sealing, fire prevention system—a great name in Providence, Rhode Island—they came and there was no feeling that they were wealthy. They just found my mother charming as she stood at the head of her table and carved the big roasts and big turkeys, and I flew around and waited on table or helped the second Chinese servant. One of the very first wealthy Christmases I can remember was when Mr. Grinnell—Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell and their two dear girls who went to Miss Oakley's school, Rebecca and Helen, saw that my mother, being a widow, couldn't give us the things that our station craved, I suppose, and he spent plenty of money for that Christmas, and it stands out in my mind as an absolute celebration. He said he would never forget it, and they stayed with us four months.

The next winter Mrs. Ole Bull, the wife of the great violinist, came to board with us and I had never seen my mother, who was always busy setting a beautiful table, tending to the planning of the food, sit down in a black velvet gown for dinner and then go into—we called it the parlor—and sit down at the Chickering which had come around the Horn and bring out Beethoven, and I would lie on the floor. Finally she said, "Oh,

Mrs. Harrison, I want to adopt Gail, please let me have her. I will take her with me to Cambridge, Massachusetts." And my mother said, "If I cannot take you travelling, my girls, and give you college educations, I can give you the association with people like these who love Santa Barbara and settle down for three and four months." And so it set a standard, and of course Anita Doremus and Ethel Doulton were my sister Grace's best friends and Rosalie Low and the Cooper sisters from the ranch were my sister Effie's best friends. And so it made just what my mother wanted—an environment for her girls of refinement and standards. This was when we moved to the rose-covered house on Chapala Street—1315 Chapala Street, the house which she bought from Judge White.



". . . the rose-covered house on Chapala Street."

And so it set a standard for all three of us. I look back upon it as the most wonderful thing she could have done for us, and it gave me—I wanted to go with my high school group to Stanford or to Berkeley and she said, "No, your sister Grace is married and living just outside New York and you must apply for a scholarship at Columbia University." And I threw back my head and laughed and said, "I might as well cry for the moon," and then she said, "No," and I went up to Captain Low and I did get the scholarship.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitehead, who had lived in London and had known William Morris and belonged to the William Morris cult, came to Santa Barbara and bought that beautiful hill top beyond Eucalyptus Hill. Later Mr. Knapp bought it of them. My sister Grace was the first of the three girls to marry. She married in 1895 and went to New York to live. Then Anita Doremus was the next one to marry, and Ethel Doulton was married

in 1902—I think that is correct. I met at her wedding Mrs. Whitehead, who took quite a fancy to me because I was so different from any girl she had ever known. They established a William Morris cult school. I don't know what they did at that school—no, it was not a sloyd school. I only know that they gathered around them the choice people of the town, like Mrs. George Oliver of Rocky Nook, and of course Mr. Oliver and Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. Dabney were intimates in my mother's home. And when I went to college she gave me a hundred dollars to add to my little budget, and she always was like an aunt to us. We adored her.

When I came back the first time from New York, after taking my B.S., Mrs. Whitehead was still living up on that beautiful mountain top, and she said, "You must come to dinner, and it is a full dress dinner." I had a very simple little low necked and short sleeved dress that I'd worn at carnival time and all and my sister Effie and I went out, and it was the first time I had sat at quite so palatial a dinner table. It was very exquisite. I was very much impressed and I tried to live up to it. But there was shad. We had shad from Larco's, because he adored mother and was there every Friday morning with a cart full of fish fresh from the ocean, but I had never had shad that wasn't filleted, and I had the most difficult time: it was full of bones and I was sitting next to quite a distinguished gentleman who was trying to be very nice to a young girl and make her feel at home, but I gave up eating so I could talk coherently. Afterwards Mrs. Whitehead had great fun out of that and teased me a lot about it—my debut into shad. The meal was served with great beauty with beautiful dishes and they had a butler. I was terribly impressed because we drove out along the sea on a night with a beautiful sunset reflected. She sent her carriage for us, Effie and me, and we walked into this very palatial house—from an artistic standpoint, not showy, but artistic. It was stucco—one of the first stucco houses.

I have had a colorful life. I have hunted for a photograph when I was in the second grade here in Santa Barbara, with Nellie Orella and Raimundo Carrillo and I'm the smallest little girl in the front row, and very docile looking which I have never been. I was very much impressed having a school photograph taken. My teacher's name was Miss Frater and evidently I had a high I.Q. and no one knew it. They just thought I was a little smart cake. She said, "I can't keep that child occupied, Mrs. Harrison, and so I let her draw geometrical designs on brown paper and color them with colored chalk." I suppose I was seven and Raimundo Carrillo was certainly fifteen—very tall and very handsome and he had a magnificent voice. His father belonged to the fine Carrillo family and was the butcher for the restaurant, and he adored Uncle Mortimer because Uncle Mortimer spoke such beautiful Spanish and didn't look down on them because they were Catholics. They lived in back of the Clock Building, and had the first crèche I think I ever saw in my life—my Aunt Nan took me over and Señora Carrillo—oh, her beautiful voice!—had a beautiful crèche.

To go back to Mrs. Ole Bull: she wrote my mother. I used to ride with her. Sam Stanwood taught her to ride, then she would have a horse brought for me and we would ride together. And when San Ysidro Ranch opened she wanted to leave her father and mother with my mother, at my mother's house, and take me for a week and read me "The Wayfarers at the Inn," and her husband, Ole Bull, was the musician in Longfellow's tale. And it rained the whole week at San Ysidro and the cottages were new and I never had had anyone so fascinating—I was bewitched by her. When we got back she said to my mother, "Let me adopt her. I will take her to Norway one summer and send her back and I will put her through college." And mother said, "No, she is the circus in my life and I shall hold on to her. I cannot let her go." And I didn't want to go, but Mrs. Ole Bull was one of the first women that bewitched me.

Now, to get back to the Whiteheads: it was a two-story house and the bedrooms were on the second story. Oh, beautiful living room—there were great beautiful hangings, William Morris things that they had brought from London. They had two very fine boys who were born here, I think.

There was a separation in their family life. Louise Hart broke up the family. Yes, that was one of the first scandals I ever heard of. Oh, Louise Hart was a bewitching girl herself, not appreciated in Santa Barbara. She came of a wealthy family. Her mother was one of the McCurdys of Cleveland and her aunt, Miss McCurdy, was one of the favorite older women of this town. Her mother had built a wonderful cottage out above Romero Canyon and they stayed out there a great deal and left Miss McCurdy the beautiful old adobe where there were many weddings. The adobe was on the corner of Anapamu and Laguna [approximate location of the Kirk adobe—ED.] and it descended down into the lower part of the canyon there. Louise was everything that was artistic. And that marvelous old Aguirre house was one of the things that used to amuse me. I was a little frightened to hear my mother and Aunt Nan talk about the ghosts in that old, beautiful adobe. Oh, it was one of the most beautiful adobes that was ever built in Santa Barbara! Louise Hart was always up to antics —she intimidated women on their way home from concerts (that was long before she knew the Whiteheads). She would wrap herself in a sheet and put on an act and frighten a good many of the citizens. It was getting very bothersome. So mother and Miss McCurdy appealed to them to help her to see if they could chain down this wild girl. My mother and Aunt Nan went out and Aunt Nan was very strong and she ran and caught her quickly and pulled down the sheet and said, "Shame on you, Louise Hart, for frightening women and pretending you are a ghost. There is no such thing as a ghost." And that ended it. I always associate it with that marvelous house. When mother first came to Santa Barbara it was not so dilapidated. Mrs. Higgins, the first music teacher besides Mrs. Ketchum, wrote it up in a little pamphlet which I gave to the County Bank, Mr. Eddy. It was printed by Mrs. S. E. A. Higgins.



"... on the corner where the County Bank is, was a rain pit."

The Carrillos fascinated my older sisters. The Carrillo girls were so beautiful. They lived just across from the brick cottage Uncle Mortimer built for us. They would sit up in their windows in the dark and watch them dancing and singing. It was a very romantic corner, but it was not exactly on the corner because on the corner where the County Bank is was a rain pit. It rained very hard in the year 1884, just deluged Santa Barbara, I think 30 inches of rain. I was very venturesome and, with the help of some boy, I built myself some stilts. So I crossed the street and one of the dear Carrillo ladies said, "Little Gail, you had better not go in that pool." I did and I tipped over and down I went splash, and I was punished for it, too. I often think of it when I go into the bank.

Louise Hart then grew up and didn't want to go to college and her very distinguished relatives came out and visited them and she became quite strange. And after her mother's death she began taking opium, which the devoted Chinese servant got for her. She died a very sad death. She was a very alive person and quite direct—quite different from Mrs. Whitehead, and he was very interested in her and it caused a separation. When they separated that was the cause of giving up the colony, but it wasn't called a colony. It was a group that were interested in William Morris and and the Morris things. Charles Frederick Eaton and Bessie Burton must have been in that group.

Mother and Mrs. Doremus and Mrs. Doulton were called the trio. They were such intimate friends. The Doremuses lived at that time in Montecito. The great New York architect, Mr. Goodhue, bought their old farmhouse—they called it the farmhouse. Dr. and Mrs. Doremus went abroad and came back and lived a year with mother—they boarded with us and made a very delightful household when I was young. It was wonderful for me to grow up with such people around us. While their house over on Anapamu Street was being built, I can remember walking over with Dr. Doremus and there wasn't one live thing on that hill. He went to the Ojai and brought home acorns and planted them here and there and soon it was a bower. So we always had Christmas dinner at Mrs. Doremus' from the time Grace was married.

Mr. Duryea, of the Jockey Club,* and mother were very good friends, and he came over. We lived near the Arlington on Chapala Street, and he said, "Mrs. Harrison, we would like to rent your house." Mother said, "Oh, no, I don't want to rent the house to the Jockey Club; you'd destroy it." "Oh," he said, "I'd stand guard over it." And he said, "I'd like to have Gail exercise my horses while I'm in New York." "Oh," mother said, "not that roan, Mr. Duryea." He replied, "She's already been on the roan and handles the horse beautifully and I have told Pancho that she is to exercise one horse every day in rotation." Pancho was [with] Dixey Thompson's

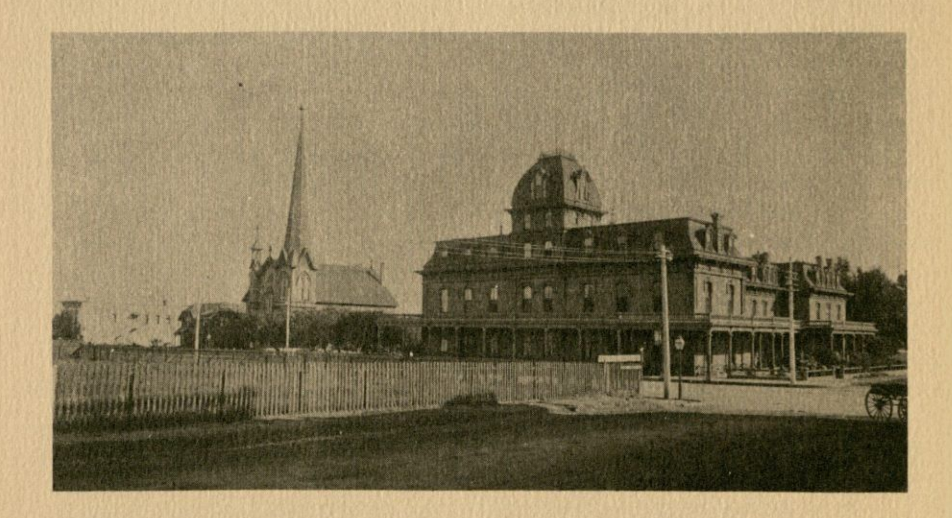
* The "Arlington Jockey Club" was a group of eastern dudes who came to Santa Barbara during the winter and rented a house dubbed the "jockey club." The house would vary from year to year, and in 1896 it was Mrs. Harrison's.—ED.

stables where the high school now stands and Jordano's was an enormous stable that belonged to Dixey Thompson, and Pancho was the head of it and besides that drove the Arlington bus to the steamer. My friend, whose father took over the Arlington in 1887 (Mr. Charles Wheeler)—his son was president of the University at Berkeley—was, and is still, thank God, my choicest, dear old friend and is a great musician and we have kept in correspondence since we were eight and nine. When people used to come to the Arlington and spend the summer—people like the Lilienthals and the Diamonds, and all the moneyed, Jewish, cultured people from San Francisco—this was in 1887, 1888 and 1889. Mr. Lilienthal became famous in money matters; I have forgotten how long ago—I think it was Joe Lilienthal [it was probably Jesse—ED.]. He was a skinny little fellow and I was skinny too, and he was lazy and wouldn't race. No, I wasn't lazy; I would race anybody for a dime. After dinner we could go into the main dining room if we put on our little French dresses; if not, we went into the nurses' and children's dining room, and we all got acquainted. After dinner Mr. Lilienthal, Sr., came out with his little boy and said, "Gail, I want you and Joey to run races. I'll put up a dime a race." So Gertrude Wheeler, my pal, was very stout and I was very skinny, and she said, "I wouldn't have legs like you." And I said, "I wouldn't have piano legs like yours." And then we would make up again. But she would shout, "Gail, Gail, win, win, you're going to win!" She was very anxious for me to get that dime as she knew the circus was coming and I would treat to rides. So I won 60¢ against Joe Lilienthal.

My mother was one of the most open-minded Christian women. She went to the Presbyterian Church but she was just as interested in Father James, the distinguished Catholic priest, who came to the private dining room at the restaurant, his great Andalusian cape wrapped around him, and had a special waiter to wait upon him. He lived above Goux's liquor store on the corner and he was a very distinguished gentleman and was allowed to come down the ladies' hall so he didn't have to come through the hoi polloi front part of the restaurant, and he appreciated my mother.

The Presbyterian Church was just below the college in the middle of the block where Penney's is. It had a very high spire. Aunt Nan was a very narrow-minded person. I used to love to swing on the gate of the old brick house and watch the nuns. I called them the seagull nuns. They came by on their way to the church. They weren't allowed to go up State Street. They went over to Anacapa and around and then into the church. And I would rush out and talk to the children. They were mostly Spanish but a few spoke English. The nuns would answer me and Aunt Nan would say, "You must not go out and talk to those Catholic children and those nuns. Catholics are wicked." And I would try to reason it out and told my mother, and she would say, "I don't mind, but if it annoys your Aunt Nan then don't do it when she is in care of you." Then they went away and I was free to talk. Their school was in the big brick building on De la Vina Street [now the Knights of Columbus Hall—ED.].

Mr. Gledhill asks me to speak about my teaching career. If I could show him the picture of that little girl in the second grade who didn't know anything about I. Q. and the teacher from Boston who didn't know anything about it either! But she knew I was a bright child bored to death with having her struggle to teach Raimundo Carrillo to read, and Nellie Orella. Dear Nellie! She would get me to help her. That was the family that had the adobe where the coffee shop is today [the Copper Coffee Pot restaurant on State Street—ED.]. And Nellie Orella was dying when I came out to visit and speak in San Francisco and came down to visit Mrs. Hazard, and Rose Moore said she was going to visit Nellie. They knew each other very well because of Rose Moore living at Tajiguas, and Rose and I were very intimate. She was Clifford Moore's sister. You see, Sarah Winchester's niece, Katherine Bagg, and I were in her aunt's last grade before high school and we became very good and intimate friends later. Rose Moore was with us. Then we were all sent down to the high school. My mother didn't like the teaching and so she rented my bedroom and sent me down to a private school in Los Angeles where dear Mrs. Hooker picked me up and entered into my life (Marian Hooker). I graduated but did not go to Stanford or Berkeley with my friends because I went to Columbia and lived with my sister. When I came back from Columbia I got the position to the State Normal School in Los Angeles and was there from 1904 to 1908.



"The Presbyterian Church was just below the college, in the middle of the block where Penney's is."

A Short Life in Santa Barbara

Occasionally we come upon historical documents which, while seemingly of no more than passing interest in themselves, serve to lend a human touch to historical fact, in this case tragic fact.

In March of 1973 we received a letter from John Barnard of Chicago enclosing two letters written by a youngster in his early 'teens—a distant relative of Mr. Barnard—to his grandfather and aunt in Ohio and sent to us because the young writer lived in Santa Barbara at the time he wrote them. The two letters follow.

Santa Barbara, June 7, 1874

Dear Aunt Emily:

I received your welcome letter a short time ago, and was very glad to hear that you were all well. Father's health is better than it was; mother is not enjoying first rate health at present. I am well. School was dismissed on Friday for a vacation; on examination I stood 98 and for the term I averaged 96; I study reading, spelling, arithmetic both mental and practical, writing, word analysis, geography, history, physiology, and grammar. I should like to see my cousin Harry very much and wish you would send me his picture. I can remember how much fun I used to have riding Old Pop, and the first pair of new boots I had; I can remember about a great many incidents that happened in Ohio when I was there. Santa Barbara has about 5,000 inhabitants and is becoming a resort for invalids; the climate is about the same all the year around. There are all kinds of vegetables in the market and nearly all kinds of fruit. The farmers are about done haying and harvesting. I have saw corn that has been raised this year. There will probably be no more rains till next winter. Santa Barbara is a city now; the charter took effect on the 17th of last April. There are several churches here and a college, a public school and St. Vincents Seminary was burned lately, several hotels and boarding houses and stores. In Washington Territory the land is principally covered with fir timber and it rains there five or six months in the year. An election under the local option law was held here last Monday and resulted in favor of no liquor.

Father and mother send love to all; love to all. From your nephew.

G. M. Rust

P. S. *Please write soon.*



George Rust, age 5

Santa Barbara, April 23, 1876

Dear Grandfather:

I thought you might like to hear from your grandson in California so I will write you a few lines or try to. We have been living in Santa Barbara three years and about three months. My father, who has been a great sufferer from catarrh and consumption for nearly four years, died on the 7th of this month, about six o'clock A.M. He had been failing gradually for the last two months. Still mother and I did not think that he would not rally again until a few hours before he died. He was perfectly conscious and rational till the last. He recognized mother and I and talked to us and to some friends. He said his ambition was all gone and was willing to go. He was buried on the afternoon of Sunday the ninth by the Masons.

We have sent you some of the daily papers published in this place, containing obituary notices of him showing the esteem with which he was held. Last fall father was elected a justice of the peace, receiving almost five hundred out of about seven hundred votes. About a year ago father made a will and I told you all about it in a letter written about that time. We shall remain here for the present, though we may go east after awhile. I have a horse and saddle and deliver papers for the "Press" published here, and for two of the agencies of the San Francisco papers. I get $30 per month for it and go to school besides. I have kept at the head of the school part of the time. I have written to Aunt Emily Barnard two or three letters since she wrote to me, and I wrote a letter to you about a year ago, which has not been answered, but perhaps you did not receive it. My step-mother is a good woman but her health is poor now. My own mother could not have nursed father more tenderly and have treated me better. I am now quite a man in size and I hardly think that you would know me. Now grandfather, I wish that you and Aunt Emily would write to me, and I will try to answer your letters very soon after I get them.

Very truly,
Your grandson,
Geo. M. Rust

Santa Barbara. June. 7. 1874

Dear Aunt Emily

I received your welcome letter a short time ago, and was very glad to hear that you were all well. Father's health is better than it was; Mother is not enjoying first rate health at present, I am well. School was dismissed on Friday for a vacation. on examination I stood 98. and for the Term I averaged 96; I study Reading. Spelling. Arithmetic both mental. and practical.

In April of 1973 Mr. Barnard sent us a photograph of George taken at age five in Portage, Wisconsin, where the family lived before moving to Santa Barbara, and two letters from George's father, one of which follows.

Portage, Sept. 9th, 1866

Dear Sister Emily:

It has been a long, long time, I think, since I received your kind and very welcome letter, and I did not suppose that I should ever allow *any* letter of *yours* to remain so long unanswered. But I have, and I can only say, that if you will pardon me this once, that I will never, never do so again. Will give you some of the reasons why I have not written before, and the principal one of all, is that I have been trying to get George's picture to send you and others. I first waited two or three weeks for a new "picture gallery" to be started here, and when started I took George there the first thing, but have not as yet succeeded in getting a good picture, of a size as large as I wished. The one I did get was very good so far as the face was concerned, but his clothes took badly on account of their color. I then went to work and got him a nice new suit of dark clothes and tried again last week, but the day was dark and rainy and I could get none then. George has been gone on a visit, with my mother about a week, and will not be at home again for a week to come. They are going to visit at my uncles, near Chicago, and in the meantime I am entirely alone, and boarding out. Enclosed I send you a small picture of George and also one of Betsey's grave. I had these taken thinking you would like them, inasmuch as none of you can visit it. Have set the lot round with an "arbor vitae" or evergreen hedge which does not show in the picture, as it was taken from the front where there is a gateway and where I intend to place an iron gate, another spring, if the hedge does well. If not, shall fence it with an iron fence.

I wrote to Adeline a week ago and gave her a more particular description of this which you have probably seen. Will you give one of these pictures to Aunt Mary, and tell her that I am, sometime, going to write to here and Uncle James.

Have been very much engaged in business during the past month, as well as had a good deal to do with political matters. Am again nominated to the office I now hold for another turn of two years and there is probably no doubt but I shall be elected as we have about 7200 Union majority in this county.

My health has not been good during the past two months, but is now better. How and what are you all doing? Have you finished your school, &c, &c. I want you to write me all the news, all about yourself and all the rest, and don't put off writing because I have done so.

My regards to all friends, write soon and oblige

Truly yours
H. H. Rust

Since Mr. Barnard stated in his first letter that there was no record of what became of George Rust, we decided to see if we could fill out the rest of his life, and research uncovered a tragic story of the striking down of an entire family by that scourge of the nineteenth century—tuberculosis. As for so many others, Santa Barbara—the "sanitarium of the Pacific Coast"—was their last port of call. Young George gives us the story of his father and stepmother, but in the Society's files is the will of George himself, written in his own hand and dated Sept. 15, 1881. Shortly after writing it he died at the age of twenty. The end of this blasted young life was noted in the Santa Barbara Daily Press *for October 20, 1881:*

"The sudden death of our fellow-citizen, George M. Rust, brings sadness to the hearts of all who knew him, and especially to the members of the High School, where he spent so many years in obtaining an education. Mr. Rust was born in Cambria, Wis., December 16th, 1860, and came to Santa Barbara with his parents, February 3d, 1873. He passed through the lower departments of the Public Schools and entered the High School in 1875, where he pursued the full course of studies, and graduated in May 1880, with high honors. He was a close student, and an indefatigable worker, never allowing any obstacle to discourage him. He was extremely ambitious, fixing his mark high. He selected the profession of law as his life's work, and bent all his energies to the preparation required for admission to the Bar. He read much, and remembered what he read, so that at any time he could repeat in substance the contents of volumes. He was a great admirer of Julius Caesar, and read with eagerness the seven books of his Commentaries. Immediately after graduating he commenced the study of law under Judge Hall, and in July, 1880, took charge of the school at Las Cruces, which he taught till his last sickness prostrated him. His father, the late Harvey M. Rust, died April 7th, 1876, since which time George has been the only support of his stricken mother, whom he has spared no pains to relieve and cheer. For the past two years he strove to live as a Christian should; and in his last hours, when he knew death was approaching, he was not afraid to go, but said: 'All will be well; and though I have desired to make for myself a name on earth, it is better for me to go now.'"

Doing California

(With a good word for the Potter Hotel)

Late last year Mr. John J. Christian of Starlight, Pa., sent his friend Dr. David E. Davis of Santa Barbara a letter in which the Potter Hotel is described. Specifically, Mr. Christian was interested in knowing whether this hotel still stands, but Dr. Davis thought we might be interested in the entire letter, as indeed we were. Mr. Christian explains that the letter was written by Angie Adams, his great grandmother, to her daughter Stella during a trip she took to California at the age of 70 with her husband Andrew. According to Mr. Christian, "They toured Glacier, Yellowstone, the Grand Canyon, and the entire west coast. The trip was via rail, carriage, steamer, and even some horseback. And I might add that Angie wrote a magnificent account of the entire trip." We print the letter here with permission.

May 18, 1903

Dearest Stella:

This is a charming place. The sea on one side and the mountains on the other, and the sun shining over all, and the atmosphere just right for comfort. We arrived here Saturday evening from Los Angeles. It was a pretty sight as we drove up to the hotel, and were welcomed by thousands of twinkling electric lights on the porch or piazza, and in the *immense* hall two big open fireplaces, with glowing fires. The ride by the "busses" for a mile or more from the station was chilly. A *grand* good dinner restored our spirits and warmed us up! The dining room is in an immense dome, and one of the officials told me it contained, overhead, 4400 electric lights! They were just like twinkling stars! A Hungarian band was stationed in a balcony and gave us the sweetest music. In the evening we had more music of the finest and sweetest kind. One foreigner played an instrument I never saw before. It was some[thing] like an old piano, but he struck the keys with little mallets, looking as though they were wound in cotton batting!

Well, at breakfast this morning, we sat at table with a Mr. & Mrs. Monser from Pa. The lady was very sociable. After a little I asked if they were acquainted in Scranton. The man said, "O, yes," he went there often. I said Hotel Jermyn was built by my son in law's father. The lady threw up her hands and said "What, your daughter marry a brother of Joe Jermyn's." Why, said she, *he* travelled with us all through the Holy Land &c. "I used to be his and Mr. Hutchin's interpreter." They were for *months,* I think, travelling together! Then an hour or so afterward I met her in a room where they sell "Curious" [curios] and she spoke of her little granddaughter two and a half years old, and if you will believe it, her name was *Stella*!! Well, I think we shall be good comrades hereafter!! We

had a fine drive yesterday—which was Sunday—along the shores of the sea and around the city. This house cost one million and four hundred thousand!! It is finely kept. The table is equal, if not surpassed, by any we have struck yet. We leave today for—I have forgotten—where we stay one night, then go on to Monterey. Will not be in San Francisco under a week or so. I am *afraid* to go through the Yosemite, on account of the drive of a day and a half by stage. And then, to see all, some will take a bronco ride!

I want to be careful, so as to be able to take the "Yellowstone"—which is not as hard. I hope you will get strong while we are away. Have not taken any medicine yet, and feel well. Your father is well, also. He enjoys everything.

Love to dear Donald and all the family. Your father had a paper from John.

Lovingly,
Mother



Potter Hotel dining room
Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado

The Potter Hotel